INTRODUCIN' THE GRUESOME TWOSOME

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

the Monster Times

Volume I, No. 4

Page 24

TWO THEMES FOR THE PRICE OF NONE

There is no overall unifying theme to this in-between issue . . . and then again there are two noose-like threads of similarity which tie the articles together. One theme is Melodramatic Soap Operatics; and there's a rather vague theme of Re-doing Things.

For instance, THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN was a sequel, trying to do-over the success of FRANKENSTEIN . . . and yet though it left a lump in throat, it left a lump in the heart, too, what with Boris Karloff's sensitive, pathetic portrayal of The Monster — and it also resulted in a large lump in the producers' wallets.

Then there's the 7-foot tall FRANKENSTEIN poster, which is product-related . . . its artist was trying to re-do the FRANKENSTEIN monster . . . but the result, sadly, looks as if the demented Monster was forced to watch 48 hours of continuous soap operas. Check it out on page 6, and see if you don't agree!

The people who put out the book, THE PULPS, to cash in on the Nostalgia Market, were in a sense trying to re-do something — they wanted to do-over the success of stories when they first appeared, in thud-and-blunder pulp magazines. As the book, originally $15.00, is now being remaindered in bookstores for $6.95, we have our doubts if they succeeded.

Then there's the new GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW paperback book; a short revision of the original comic book stories was made . . . re-writing and re-drawing the panels, to make two comic books read smoothly as one comic novel. And anyone who's ever read the Denny O'Neil, Neal Adams classic in-the-making, knows that this is about the only series in which people act with human motivations and emotions. The states South of the Mason-Dixon-line, incidentally, would not distribute GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW comics — seems they heard comics exposed the subversive, radical or just-plain un-Southern sentiments of such Dixie-born and bred radicals as Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson, among others. This hurt one-quarter of the sales, and the series (due to financial difficulties) was first cancelled. But now, as THE MONSTER TIMES goes to press, we've learned that G.L.-G.A. LIVES! . . . in the back of THE FLASH comic. Not a book of its own, but 12 good G.L., G.A. pages are better'n'nothing.

Now we come to the great Re-Doer of all time, ROGER CORMAN, who made EDGAR ALLEN POE a household name . . . if you happen to live in the household of a movie theater projectionist. Rollem-out-in-a-day Roger, the corrosive Corman, churned out 3/4 of a dozen near-great and not-so-near-great films based on titles of Poe stories, if nothing else. And good gosh! did the stories evo resemble TV soap operas! — a person who'd never read Poe, on seeing these films, would think that all the Olde Master of Terror ever wrote about was the loathsome sin of adultery. Corman's Poe-audiences must have been in two camps . . . those who went on to become monster film buffs, and those who went on to watch Peyton Place. Horror of HORRORS!

chuck

CHUCK R. McNAUGHTON, *Acting Editor* JOE KANE *Managing Editor* ALLAN ASHERMAN, PHIL SOLLINO, STEVE VERTLIEB *Associate Editors* BRUCE AND ALLAN SHERMAN, ROBERT BLOCH, DAVID MICHAELIS, ROBERT BLOCH, ALLAN SHERMAN, ROBERT BLOCH, CLIFFORD GOLDSMITH, DAVID MICHAELIS, ED BAHAR C.M. RICHARDS STEVE VERTLIEB JIM WARDROBE *Contributing Editors* JACK JACKSON *Distribution Manager* LARRY WALLACE *Production Manager* GORDON GARDNER, DAVID MICHAELIS, STEVE VERTLIEB *Production Staff* JIM CRAWFORD, GORDON GARDNER, STEVE VERTLIEB, JIMMY JAMES JEFF JONES MIKE KALUTA GRAY MORROW, ED SAMS, LARRY TODD *SERW WRIGHTSON, Contributing Artists*

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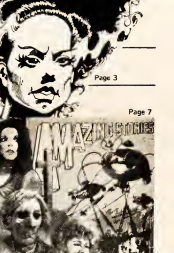

THIS ISSUE'S COVER: Elsa Lanchester & Boris Karloff in THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Still collectors may not recognize this particular shot, which is a prized result of our art department layout wizards Bill & Waldstein, who also Created and Publish THE MONSTER TIMES Yay Bossus! They also concocted the first page, a mini-color poster.

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THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN!

In 1935, American audiences could not see enough of people constructed of corpses. The public response to the 1931 version of FRANKENSTEIN was so overwhelming, that Hollywood decided to do it again. They made a new FRANKENSTEIN film as carefully as the Baron Frankenstein himself might construct a new human, using parts of the old.

They took Boris Karloff, Colin Clive, and Dwight Frye, and the director of the 1931 film James Whale.

These talents were stitched together like parts of corpses, with other viable parts, and given the spark of life (as Frankenstein might have given them) with Mr. Edison's Magic Box, the motion picture camera. The result was one of the most chilling, horrifying, and yet sensitive monster masterpiece of all time . . .

BY ALLAN ASHEMAN

Part One: the pulsating plot of plots

The BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN starts; re-capping the FRANKENSTEIN film just for those who missed it or can't live without it.

We first see an interesting little early-1800's scene in which Mary Shelley, her husband (poet Percy Shelley) and a family friend (George Gordon Lord Byron) engage in a pass-time storytelling. Because of bad weather (mainly the Hollywood thunder and lightening so necessary to stories of this horrific nature), Lord Byron asks Mary Shelley to continue her tale of the Frankenstein Monster. Did he really die in the burning mill, or did he somehow escape to wreak additional havoc?

"Apparently the monster died in the mill. . . ah! But not so. . .

"Kill him!" "Trap him" "Bind him!" "Destroy him!"

Ah! He did NOT die! Through a series of flashbacks, we see Dr. Frankstein building his monster from corpses, furnishing it with a stolen brain and endowing it with life. It comes into the world a pathetic, mute thing with hideous face and underdeveloped criminal mind, and due to the careful teachings of a sadistic dwarf becomes obsessed with the idea of his own ugliness, and the prospects of finding a friend. Unfortunately the Monster does badly at making friends, managing instead to spread quite a bad reputation ahead of himself. He does not understand why everyone hates him, and he reacts in his own dim way. He does little irritating things like interrupting marriages, frightening decent women, making noise in the middle of the night and accidentally drowning a little girl. The village people don't think him a "personality kid." A torchlight procession leads the Monster into the town mill and then sets the building afire. The monster apparently does a horrible death. Ah, but not so, says dear Mary.

The monster fell through the floor of the burning mill, and was saved by hiding himself in the quiet waters of the river. Unfortunately, his hideous face was scarred in the fire, most of his hair and some of his flesh burned away and his hands injured, fingers fused together by the awsome heat of the blaze, the living-dead corpse-skin scarred. He is now somewhat angry at the world, to the point of killing anyone he sees.

But the first person he meets is Minnie (Una O'Connor), the scream-loving servant of the young Baron Frankenstein. Minnie is not all there upstairs and has been known to shrilly-shriek blood-curdling for fun, when monsters weren't around to inspire her.

Even an eccentric, kill-crazed monster can recognize someone sicker than himself. When the Monster sees old Minnie screaming her guts out, all he does is look at her through the corner of his mouth, and permit her to speed on her erratic and picturesque way.

But now back to business, and we see Dr. Henry Frankenstein apparently dead, being carried into his house. Minnie runs hysterically in, trying to tell people she saw the Monster. Of course, no one believes her and she simply forgets about the experience making no further attempt to warn anyone. Told you she was sick!

Henry Frankenstein (Colin Clive) it turns out, is not dead. There is much merry-making, and his fance Elizabeth, (Valerie Hobson), who never quite managed to hook Henry in the first film, makes a snide comment regarding the fact that this was supposed to be her wedding night.

visit of a morbid mentor

Several bore-healing evenings later, the now-married couple are preparing to settle down to a quiet evening in bed, when a steadfast lunatic of a man, Dr. Praetorius, enters their lives.

Praetorius, once Henry's biology instructor, is also a doctor of philosophy and has no trouble coping with life despite his one fault . . . he's a nut!

Praetorius takes advantage of Henry's gullibility and shows him his own experiments involving the creation of life. He has successfully created tiny, living people whom he keeps locked in jars. He keeps these jars in a coffin-shaped case (probably stored under his bed). This profound scientific exhibition starts the fires of curiosity burning in Henry again. Fortunatelly, however, he has married a religious fanatic. Elizabeth has convinced Henry that it was the Devil who prompted his life-experiments. He refuses to work with Praetorius.

Meanwhile, the Monster is enjoying a stroll through the woods, sustaining himself on rotten turnips and snarling at his reflection in a lake. Before he knows it, 2 hunters spot him, shoot him and run to get the rest of the village to do their Monster-chasing thing. The villagers overtake the the Monster, capture him and drag him back to town. Locked securely in a maximum cell, with chains binding him to a huge chair, the Monster takes 2 whole minutes to escape, killing some people and causing some anxiety.

Wandering through the woods, alone and friendless, the Monster, bleeding from his wounds, hears a sound that makes his mind recall beauty. It's a soft, pulsing and welcoming sound that leads the awkward creature to a small building in the middle of the forest. There, completely cut-off from the rest of the human race, lives a blind hermit. Because of his loneliness he has made his own rules regarding friendship; anyone is a friend, anyone is welcome. There is no prejudice in this man, as he cannot see the ugliness that limps into his home. He senses the need for rest and a kind word.

The Monster hears a soft voice for the first time in his life, and begins to feel

"It comes...a figure like death... closer...closer..."

"This gentleman is the very devil.
He bears an uncanny resemblance to myself, don't you think?"

compassion for the blind man. He eats food offered to him by the blind Hermit and exhibits the most necessary of all human reactions: trust. He cries as the Hermit thanks God for sending him a friend from out of the darkness. The Hermit plays a great but sad violin. The Monster learns to cry alot.

Time and gentleness make the Monster live a peaceful existence with the hermit. He learns to speak; first words, then clumsy sentences. The hermit has taught him to drink wine, smoke cigars and savor bread. The Monster has taught the hermit to laugh. Left alone, the peace of these two lost souls would probably have gone on forever. But one day 2 lost hunters enter the cabin. They see the Monster and it dawns on them the hermit is blind, and cannot see the slow horror that is his friend.

Hustling him out of the house, a fire starts in the Monster, for the first time, hears that he is an artificial man.

In one moment the confused creature learns why he is different from other people. The bewildered Monster is too preoccupied with this new knowledge, and the fire, which he fears more than anything else, He is not aware of the hermit being led from cabin muttering "My friend, my poor friend." Even with the knowledge that his friend is a manufactured, violent creature, the old hermit recalls the Monster's genuine urge to live in peace. He will be the only human being ever to achieve such a relationship with the Monster . . . and the Monster will never know that, somewhere, a lonely old man lived out his life worrying about him.

The Monster, running from the burning cabin, meets some children. He tries to approach them in a friendly manner, but they are frightened. Embittered, the Monster remembers something one of the hunters said . . . "Frankstein made him out of dead bodies." Dead . . . DEAD. His one point of identification, of kinship, was with the dead. There was only one logical place for the creature to seek refuge and, escaping from the hunters and their friends, the Monster made his way into a tomb.

Thinking himself alone, the Monster breaks open a coffin, fondles a dead girl's face, and smilingly whispers "friend." Suddenly he hears a noise.

To this same tomb has come Dr Praetorius looking for a set of firm bones to serve as the framework of the artificial woman which he hopes to build with the aid of Baron Frankenstein.

Examining the skeleton he has chosen, Praetorius is unaware of the Monster sneaking toward him in the tomb. Relishing a meal of cold chicken and wine, Praetorius, smiling, toasts the memory of The Monster. The Monster figures he has a friend in Praetorius, and anxiously emerges from the shadows gesturing for a smoke and pathetically saying "Friend?"

Continued on page 28

the Monster market

Grave-robbing may be out of style, but fan exploitation isn't. Monster fans deserve a reliable market-test to rely upon before sending money to all-too monstrous manufacturers. Therefore, to dull the fangs of some vampires of our industry, we at MT innovate The Monster Market to product test items, and report accurately on them—and about the bargains, too!

IMPORTANT! If we are really going to be able to keep the monster magnates in line, we'll need your help. Please write in and tell us of your experience in the monster market, whether it be good, bad or none of the above. Write to THE MONSTER TIMES, c/o The Monster-Market, P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.

Product Tested: 7-foot tall MONSTER
Available at: Honor House, Lynnbrook, New York, 11563
Price: $1.00 plus 25 cents postage — or two for $2.00 plus 25 cents postage.

"HERE Is Your Hideous, Spine-Chilling, "BIGGER-THAN-LIFE'' 7-Foot Tall FRANKENSTEIN Monster In All His Colorfull-Frightening Glory. HAPPY HAUNTING!" — so screamed the blurb on the direction sheet we got with our 7-foot tall MONSTER. And boy were we ever disappointed.

Why? Was the advertising false? No, but we were secretly wishing it would have been. Behold the MONSTER, pictured in the advertisement reproduced here. When you look at the ad, you think, well, some really rotten commercial artist no doubt tried to copy the great-lookin' monster that must be on the $1.00 poster. You really hope that. You hope it so strongly, you almost believe that that's what it'll be!

And then you get your 7-foot tall MONSTER poster (in "AUTHENTIC COLORS"), and by George! It's that rotten drawing in the advertisement, blown up SEVEN FEET TALL! And the "AUTHENTIC COLORS"? — stomach-churning green, and baneful black, with various mottled shades of gray-green grunge and grungy green-gray between.

What's more, it's printed on thin plastic . . . in two pieces. It has to be joined in the belly with scotch tape.

IS IT WORTH A BUCK?

That's argueable. Judging by how little a way a dollar goes, these days; maybe. The first reaction of everyone who enters THE MONSTER TIMES' offices is; "Good Grief! NO!" But then we point out those "GLOW in the dark eyes," which are two little luminescent stickem-paper dots which fit over the monster's pupils, and do "glow in the dark" — however, presto! in the darkened room, all you can see are two little white-yellow spots on your wall. The monster has disappeared! He doesn't glow in the dark. So the item fulfills all that was promised. The ad's legit.

But is it worth a buck? Even with glowing eyes?

And how authentic are these "authentic" colors, anyway? Boris Karloff's facial makeup in the 1931 FRANKENSTEIN film was green, to register corpse-like on the black-and-white film. But this 7-foot creep-ture surely ain't Boris Karloff!

Wellp, gang! Izzit worth a whole DOLLAR? Authentic colors, glowing eyes, and 7-feet? Remember; it's not too well-drawn. Remember; it's in two pieces, which YOU have to Scotch-tape together — and if you make a mistake in taping . . . well, the ad offers a postage discount if you order two. Remember; it's got a ridiculous bolt screwed right in the center of its forehead! Put it on your wall and someone's sure to say something about "having a screw loose." Remember; they might not be talking about "the MONSTER."

FIGHT YER WAY OUTTA A GARBAGE BAG OEFT! That's not a fugitive from a painting, Picasso, in that ad, above. That's really "THE MONSTER".

IS IT WORTH A WHOLE DOLLAR (plus 25 cents postage)?

That's for you, the rabid-eyed reader to figure out. We've given you the info. It might be worth noting that plastic garbage bags of comparable size cost $1.00 apiece, these days. That's something in mind, Honor House! You could sell reams of seamed FRANKENSTEIN GARBAGE BAGS for $1.00 — and really (ahem!) clean up. Advertise them as "suitable for framing, or throwing away." Imagine! A garbage bag with GLOW in the dark eyes!

One more item of note. This plastic poster is different than an ordinary paper poster, in the way you can stick it to the wall . . . "Mount him on your with thumb tacks or Scotch tape and you'll never feel alone again, Or you can simply place him against the wall and rub all over with your hand, and static electricity should hold him there." Sure glad they said "should hold him there" — cause it surely didn't hold him to our wall.

The point of Mary Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN novel was that electricity is the spark of life. That means either we or our wall be dead. Something to think about, surely. Is it worth a buck? Yeah . . . but only if you can't find something better.

■C.M. Richards

MS. FRANKENSTEIN'S MONOLOGUE:

Every day it's the same routine—Wake up, fix the "master" his breakfast . . .

How many times have I heard him say if he doesn't get his cup of kerosene in the morning he feels dead on the job all day.

What about me? A woman gets tired of spending all her time just trying to make life comfortable for her mate!

Dusting the crypt, arranging the cobwebs just the way he likes them, feeding Spido, our pet spider, and Spiro, our pet boar.

Where's the fun I was promised? Where's the fulfillment? They tell me to pull myself together, but I don't care what they say . . .

Being married to him is a pretty grave affair.

THE PULPS

pulps... rotting to the corpse

When he died, they put up old Skip's property at auction, and my brother-in-law bought the place cheap. The old guy had lived there for twenty-five years, ever since 1932, on a meagre pension, and he'd seldom left it except every other Friday, when he'd walked the n ine miles down the twisting two-rut road out of the mountains to the little town, with his old hunting hound, to load up on groceries and Mail Pouch chewing tobacco and shotgun shells and new fishlines and magazines. The dog stopped coming with him about 1950 or so, and when old Skip didn't show up one weekend, they knew he was gone too.

So we got the place, a sturdy little green cabin by Indian Creek, the filthiest, most cluttered-up hermit shack you ever did see. It looked as though old Skip had spent the last ten years of his celibate there totally unable to bend over and pick anything up off the floor. "Tsk," my sister kept marvelling while she was cleaning up the place, 'the poor old geezer, living way out here with nobody around for miles. Lord, and he didn't even have electricity, not even for a radio. I wonder how he kept from going batty. I mean, what did he do by himself all day, all alone here? He sure didn't keep himself occupied by cleaning up this pig-pen!'

But me, lying up in the loft bunk on that evil-smelling old man's mattress — that's where they'd found him, lying all peaceful and stiff as a mounted rainbow trout — I had a good idea how he'd whiled

Pulp magazines, or "penny dreadfuls" or "the Bloody Pulps" have a long, proud blood-and-thunder history. The pulp paper magazines and novels have been the birthplace of countless great adventure, sword & sorcery, mystery and science fiction characters, from Tarzan to Nick Carter to the Shadow to Conan. Back in the mid-1800's these inexpensively-printed magazine-novels were available for a penny apiece, and many early horror novels were printed that way; works like "Varney the Vampyr" and "Barnaby Rudge, the Demon-Barber of Fleet Street." in the 1840's. Here, then is a review of . . . THE PULPS. Fifty Years of American Popular Culture, Compiled and edited by TONY GOODSTONE, Chelsea House, $15.00 (being remaindered now in many bookstores for $6.95).

All illustrations from "THE PULPS" (C) 1970 by Tony Goodstone, Chelsea House Pub. $15.00

away that tobacco-chewing eternity, out there all alone in the darkest Adirondacks with Indian Creek howling and yipping along by on its everlasting warpath: damned ole Skip had been tripping out of his wrinkled ole head to places like Pellucidar, and Mobster Chicago, and the bloody skies over war-torn Europe, and all up and down the Wild West, from Tombstone to Tacoma, in the Rush Days. Yessir, that cabin was piled up and falling over with thousands of old pulp magazines, an exotic compost of old crumbling pulps with radiant neon covers and brownish raggedy-edged paper, reaking of tallow grease and mouse-droppings and ageless corruption: Spicy Detective Stories, Dare-Devil Aces, Western Tales, Racketeer Stories, Parisian Life, Dime Mystery Magazine, Terror Tales, Marvel Science Stories, Nick Carter Mysteries . . . It was the Alexandria Library of old pulp magazines, Skip's cabin there, and can you imagine having an open-stacks card to the Alexandria Library? Eat your hearts out, gang!

But Old Skip-style recluses are getting rarer all the time, they're dropping like flies these days, the attrition rate is something awful. Genuine pulp magazines are consequently quite difficult to obtain now, and, the half-life of that pulp-process raggedy-edged paper being what it was, the copies themselves are generally about as crumbly as the actual Alexandria manuscripts would be if they'd survived.

But don't despair, gang! I wouldn't build you up and let you down flat! Now, thanks to Chelsea House Publishers — they who resurrected The 1929 Johnson Smith Catalogue — you can obtain a marvelous and elaborate volume called, simply, The Pulps. It is a massive pachyderm of a book, the size of a pauper's tombstone, and it weighs about five pounds. Edited by a New York actor named Tony Goodstone — a handsome Tarzan-like swain, to go by his dust-jacket photo — The Pulps includes stories by the likes of Robert E. Howard, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Max Brand, Luke Short, Ray Bradbury, Frank Belknap Long, Clark Ashton Smith, H.P. Lovecraft, and Stanley G. Wienbaum, as one would expect; and also by some unexpected writers such as Tennessee Williams, Dashiell Hammet, Malcolm Jameson, William McGivern and Paul Gallico. Additionally, it is generously — one might say lavishly — embellished with original pulp illustrations, including notably a splendid four-color portfolio of a hundred pulp covers in all their exquisite tasteless garishness.

To look at these covers will break your hearts, gang. There ain't nothing like them around no more, nowhere. The logos alone were marvels of calligraphy, and colored so as to shriek right off the page at you. And the pictures, lord, the pictures: those immaculately rendered human, superhuman, and non-human figures, realistic in every last detail of anatomy and expression, but bathed, yes, bathed and dripping in that lambent chromatic radience that was unique to the pulps, and later to the comic books. Nothing like them at all.

Those covers were beautiful, and what's more, they sold. What miserable Depression kid, picking his nose in a WPA crabgrass development complex, could have resisted, for instance, a magazine cover depicting a couple space-suited supermen dancing gracefully over the Moon's landscape, loaded down with bizarre futuristic equipment, with the harvest Earth swimming by in the background under the Amazing logo? Or a Wierd Tales cover by Hannes Bok, showing a skeleton perched before a writing-table, entering with a quill into a nameless tome the names of the combatants fighting in the background? And to hide under the mattress, a long-legged babe wearing an abbreviated sunsuit, eating an apple, on the cover of Breezy Stories. They were the thirties equivalent of underground and rock-and-roll, these pulp magazines. No matter how improvished and pedestrian things were, you could flip right out of your head on this stuff.

wing out of a nose-dive

Take for example "The Flaming Arrow", a story by George Bruce, from The Lone Eagle, 1934:

"SELECTED BY THE CRIME JURY" proudly advertised the publisher of this wavy ware. Which is good enough reason for me to buy, if the cover skull doesn't grab my interest and my dime: if say, I'm sent to buy a loaf of bread with that dime, back in April '35.

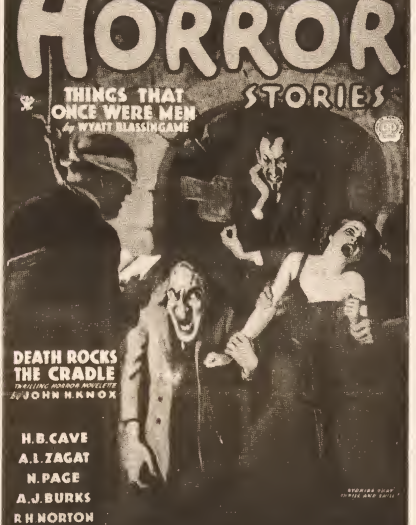
STRANGE TALES was called a "mystery" pulp in 1919. Today it would be called fantasy or canny or something like that. It was strong competition for WEIRD TALES.

'The Nieuport went ahead with a rush. The wires were screeching. The motor moaned and whined. The tight surfacing of the wings drummed. The slipstream that came back into his face was like a hand clamped over his nostrils and mouth.

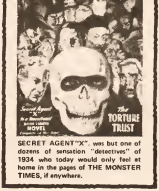
'The stacks grew nearer and nearer. He saw the first buildings of the factory rising out of the horizon. He kicked a little rudder to aim his flying projectile at the exact centre of the group of buildings.

'He was intent upon his course.

'He never heard the Fokker that dropped in behind him until the whiplash crackling of slugs sounded about his head, and until he saw a tracer flick through the top wing on the Nieuport and explode into tiny bits of phosphorescent smoke. He whirled in his in his seat with a



What with all that talk about "gratuitous violence" corrupting our nation's youth, we need only look to this 1935 cover of HORROR STORIES. I think that we will all agree, class, that HORROR STORIES' illustrator JOHN NEWTOWN HEWETT painted more gratuitous violence here then there is to be found in a day of news coverage. A fun psychological game; which of these people would you like to be?



SECRET AGENT "X", was but one of dozens of sensation "dissectives" of 1934 who today would only feel at home in the pages of THE MONSTER TIMES, if anywhere.

violence that twisted his neck.

He saw the Fokker. It was close – a hundred and fifty feet behind him. At the first glance the Fokker seemed to be a thing of great eyes, and the eyes were squirting an orange-green venom at his Nieuport. The eyes were the muzzles of twin Spandaus, and the man who handled them was an expert. And he was scoring points.'

Now that's prose! Brief, irridescent, aggressive sentences, mostly beginning with 'He'! That's reading prose, prose to be sucked up into the reader's head like one long strand of spaghetti, devoured quickly and endlessly, sentence and paragraph! It was punched out in truckload lots by the old pulp writers, many of them composing upwards of thirty pages a day, seven days a week! Today, if one of your typical artsy-flatusy writers

In April 1926, Hugo Gernsbeck started AMAZING STORIES, which runs to this day. SF was called "Scientification," then. This cover ills's H.G. Wells "War of the Worlds."

was asked to compose anything of this sort, he would directly fall into a seething, bubbling, outraged convulsion of writer's cramp. But these old pulp word jockeys just rammed it right on out, spinning the old prose like flax, and the pulp-reading public wore it straight on down. Sentence by sentence the fiction would thread up off the page into your head and usually by the end of a paragraph you would have forgotten forever the beginning of it; that's the way Homer sang, the way the old Norse eddas were chanted, it's the best kind of literature ever.

TERROR TALES was, like STRANGE TALES, trying to cop the WEIRD TALES market, as well as the "spicy" market, too. It had WEIRD monsters & "Spicy" ladies.

a word from CONAN's creator:

"By Ymir, it was a battle to madden and make drunken with the slaughter and the fury. The Picts were as ferocious as we, but ours was the superior physique, the keener wit, the more highly developed fighting-brain. We won because we were a superior race, but it was no easy victory. Corpses littered the blood-soaked earth; but at last they broke and we cut them down as they ran, to the very edge of the trees. I tell of that fight in a few bald words. I cannot paint the madness, the reek of sweat and blood, the panting, muscle-straining effort, the splintering of bones under mighty blows, the rending and hewing of quivering sentient flesh; above all the merciless abysmal savagery of the whole affair, in which there was neither rule nor order, each man fighting as he would or could ... So we cut down the fleeing Picts, and our women came out on the field to brain the wounded enemies with stones, or cut their throats with copper knives. We did not torture. We were no more cruel than life demanded."

—Robert E. Howard, "The Valley Of The Worm"

So the only trouble with The Pulps here, as a volume, is that you don't get enough of it. To be sure, you get about two hundred pages of spaghetti prose, and what pages! But I have the feeling that any real pulp-reader could glom up two hundred pages of prose on the school bus of a winter morning.

■—D.A.Latimer

You've read the books! Now read the handy reference book! Just to know which of THE PULPS you've read, which you haven't, and which to collect, if pulp-collecting's your thing.

A REVIEW . . .

THE HERO-PULP INDEX *Compiled by Robert Weinberg, with Lohr McKinstry. Opar Press 1971, 48 pages. $3.50.*

The best feature of the *Hero Pulp Index* is the idea behind its creation. Two dedicated fans of the old pulp magazines, *Robert Weinberg* and *Lohr McKinstry*, are responsible for putting together a fine informative little book which serves the double purpose of being a research tool for those of us who wish to devote our efforts to collecting, reading, and preserving the pulp magazines of the 1920's and 1930's, and being a conversation piece for those of us who dig nostalgia and lowest-common-denominator publishing and who want our conversation to be factual enough.

Pulps were produced by the hundreds and hundreds of thousands. When browsing through back-date magazine stores, or a science-fiction dealer's wares at a convention, we can almost believe there were as many different titles as there were books printed! Every cowboy, sports, or locomotive nut could read his fill each month, and the fantasy field alone fragmented down into dozens of sub-categories. Sword and sorcery, Oriental tales, fantasy, "hard" S-F, horror, ghost stories, mysterious heroes – each of these exotic subjects had its faithful following.

The *Hero Pulp Index* would be of primary interest only to those who focused their search for enjoyment on the hero-oriented stories, especially those in series. Here you will find for example listings of all the stories written by Walter Gibson about the famous *Shadow*. And that's quite a listing! Gibson alone wrote 285 *Shadow novels, and other writers added more, creating a total of 325. Each one is listed by book, author, title, and date.*

It's amusing to scan the titles of these novels, not only the *Shadow* stories, but others. You can drift off on your imagination reading such lowly titles as *The Book of Death, The Green Terror, The Crystal Skull*, and *Ghoul's Carnival*, to name only the tiniest fragment.

Two other features add to the book's worth. Each of the heroes in the *Index* has a healthy paragraph of biography in the 13-page "Guide to the Hero Pulps" section in the back, explaining who he was, what his powers were, what his gimmick was, etc. And throughout the book there are 16 well-chosen samples of pulp covers, good reproductions on permanent stick paper. They satisfyingly set the Nostalgia Gland throbbing.

It is a little (18 page) gem, and you'll get good value from it, especially since it's not just a one-time pleasure, but a treat to be often repeated. ■

— Phil Seuling

THE LONE RANGER (C) 1937 TROJAN PUBLISHING CO., ran a scant 8 issues, Pulp artist a.J. Ward did this cover. The author is said to be Fran Striker.

YOU'RE THE HEAD MONSTER!

Yip, you are the Head Monster, around here, as far as we're concerned. You, the Reader. You, the Subscriber. You, who digs monsters and horror and science fiction and fantasy in movies & comix & TV & records & books; the whole carnival-full of wonders that is the Mass-Media Renaissance of this century. These modern, imaginative wonders were made for You, and Your Journal, THE MONSTER TIMES, is also made for YOU! We gather news and info about them for You!

We've got an overload of material, and don't know where to begin. We've got so much great stuff on hand, and so many SPECIAL ISSUES already in the works (like a FLASH GORDON ISSUE, and a FRANKENSTEIN ISSUE, and a RAY BRADBURY ISSUE, and an EC HORROR COMICS issue or a TARZAN, EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS issue, and . . . well we don't want to tell you too much, some of the competition may be reading!), and we've got so many special features in the works, too.

We are planning more columns, reviews, news scoops, listings of events of interest to practically every imaginable sort of fan. We've got special new sideline publications planned . . . top secret stuff, and we've even planned a special X-mas supplement combination gift-buying guide of monster products and curios and a section we cheerfully call THE MONSTER TIMES REVIEW OF BOOKS, for those who still read, these days. This should make the New York Times turn green with envy!

We've got comix and comis and more of same; no matter how you spell 'em, you'll be getting them. We've got so many posters planned that you'll have to rent a warehouse to hang them all up.

Like we said, we've got more stuff than we can get into print right away. And we want to please you! You're the Head Monster!

So write us NOW! Tell us what you want to see first, and we'll comply.

Tell us how certain articles strike you, or if you would like to strike them. Rate us from A-Z, and spell out exactly how you like or dislike our presentation of Strange Stuff.

We particularly want to know about *balance* . . . balance isn't an easy thing. Kong had balance, 'till they shot him down. Frankenstein had balance with those monster shoes of his, but Der Golem had no balance when he lost his star, and flopped right over. A monster newspaper must walk a fine tightrope of avid but varied reader interest. It must present not only what it THINKS the reader wants, but what the reader DOES want.

So help us keep our balance. Tell us by A, B, C order what you want to see most in MT: monsters, comix, sci-fi, TV, reviews, nostalgia, records, fiction, product tests, news, etc. We will tally up your responses as percentages scientifically, using the largest hat any of our editors wears.

So fill out the form below, and send it in, and we guarantee you the Monster Times will be ready!

Dear MT folk. Ok, so I'm your Head Monster. That's really swellish. I think THE MONSTER TIMES should have the following topics emphasized in the following order indicated by A, B, C, or 1, 2, 3, or . . . any way you want!

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____ Film, Book, Record reviews.

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THE MONSTER TIMES P.O. Box 586, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011

COMIX THAT GIVE A DAMN!

"AS I WAS FLYING THRU THE SLUMS ONE DAY" DEPARTMENT: Let's say you're an average red-blooded green American he-hero, and on some stroke of luck for years you've been flying about with long green BVD's and a magic power ring that helps you fight crooks, right? And all this time you think "Hey, I'm a little short of wonderful!" Until one dey you discover you're a little short of brain one. Like, there you go, flying all over the place, beating up alien invaders from other planets (which is kneet, cause so many of your comic book cronies are still fighting Nazis, and winning WWII with their fists). But all along something's been happening and you don't know what it is. Something like slums, and poverty, and pollution and city corruption and heroin addiction and all those things which used to be problems long ago. Long ago, and hoped forgotten.

So, like I said, one dey you discover they're still with us. And all this time you went eround saying, "NO EVIL SHALL ESCAPE MY SIGHT" as your power ring poofed you powerful.

Then one day you seem some young punk beeting up one of those respectable citizens; a slumlord, no less. One who gouges on rent and doesn't deliver on the improvements. So you swoop down end wallop the street punk kid, right? I meen who's HE to go pushing e respectable well-dressed slumlord around, right?

And ell the neighbors in the slum are thankful you got one more juvenile delinquent menece off their tenement steps. No more crime in the streets. And no evil escaped YOUR sight, right? And the slum tenants show their thenks. . .

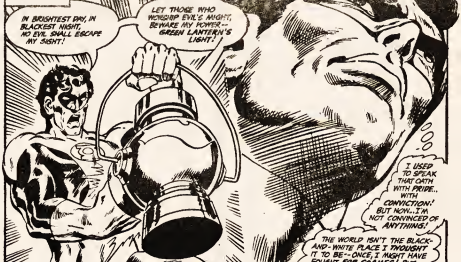
Continued on next page

GREEN LANTERN CO-STARRING GREEN ARROW, No. I, by Denny O'Neil & Neal Adams, edited by Julius Schwartz. Paperback Library, 75 cents.

GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW was one of the greatest comic books of all times. Was, because that action-sci-fi series has been cancelled. The artist, Neal Adams, failed to meet his deadlines, and so the book is dead. This is inside scam of the publishing industry, which only THE MONSTER TIMES dares to print about the big comix comglomerates! Remember: you read it here!

Is the folding of GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW news? Yes, it's heart-breaking news for anyone who followed the series. They were a mature experiment in "involved" comix ... with characters who get drawn into the real problems of today, instead of corn-ball beat-up-the-jewel-thieves-at-the-wharf sort of stuff. For over one glorious year, author Denny O'Neil and gifted illustrator Neal Adams made history for Comix, and created a landmark for others who deal in comic book work to try to approach. Just try!

The greatest thing about the late, great, GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW (above all the redeeming social importance, controversial causes, the trend-setting art, the incredible hand-to-hand sockemup fighting sequences, and moral lessons about the necessity of people to think individually, and not follow the herd) was the emotion which the characters felt and made you, the reader feel. Particularly when Green Lantern learns to be self-reliant again and fight with his fists, instead of with his power-ring. Or when an alien from a superior civilization tries to comfort a frightened child, and the child hugs him, and the alien wonders: "A strange feeling ... an emotion ... as this tiny Earthling embraces me — is this what it is to be human?



THE GREEN LANTERN OATH suddenly seemed to mean something . . . and to mean next to nothing, all at the same time, one day. And the comix haven't been the same since. Here THE GREEN LANTERN saga began to mean something to readers, tho, and in time the series won several comic art fan & pro awards.

So, poverty and tenements are good — for one issue. What's next? Right away, poor mine-workers slaving in a company town that's run by the man who owns the mines . . . and who "elected himself" sheriff. In other words: He is LAW! This is like the old song, "Sixteen Tons," where coal-workers "owe their souls to the company store" — something that happens (amazingly!) to this day in the Southern Appalachian coal-mining regions. Yes, today! Not as drastically as in Denny's story, but close!

GREEN LANTERN'S DILEMMA . . . should he be responsible only for the fate of planets and the universe in general, and let individuals fend for themselves? Or shouldn't he? Anyone can be dragged down from the sky, sometimes. In the course of the series, GREEN LANTERN and GREEN ARROW went on an uneasy rider trek across America, and "done considerable" not only for Black skins, but Red and White skinned people, too.

Illustrations from GREEN LANTERN, CO-STARRING GREEN ARROW, (C) 1972 National Periodical Publications, Inc.

"your turn, you filthy heap of..."

DIALOGUE WITH A CAPITAL "DEFT" . . . was one of the hallmarks of the GL GA book, as samples on this page indicate. Our particular favorite is: "YOUR turn, you filthy heap of . . ."

The story was called "Journey to Desolation" and when you finished reading, you really feel you've "been there."

That's because Denny O'Neil is an author, not just a pennies-per-word comix hack. He feels what he writes, and writes about situations which everyone can identify with. Comic book superheroes went through a "relevancy" act a couple of years back, and Marvel led the way, with the frustrations of Peter Parker, alias, the SPIDERMAN. When SPIDERMAN sold, Marvel had ALL its costumed crusaders "have feelings" — but "feelings" are hard to manufacture, and so most of what passed for "emotion" in Marvel Superheroes was self-pity. And so we saw the weird spectacle of the strongest superheroes in the world whimpering and snivelling about the How the World Doesn't Understand Them. National DC Comix tried that schtick, also, and had their heroes cry to themselves alot, too. But that didn't seem to be the solution and comix sales dropped off for both concerns.

Then Denny O'Neil wrote a GREEN LANTERN story, "No Evil Shall Escape My Sight!" — and gave a superhero something to be worried about, for a change. Like what really is Evil? And Good? Is a slumlord who's legally evicting poor tenants to build a parking lot, a better person than the tenants who want to beat him up for shoving them, homeless, out on the streets? And O'Neil did research, and artist Neal Adams photographed real tenements in New York's East Village to get the feeling of realism to his drawings. This was no slap-dash affair. This was a comic that was FOR REAL.

Both "No Evil Shall Escape My Sight" and "Journey to Desolation" are included in this paperback book, billed as "two complete novels" although the break in the narrative has been smoothened by re-writing and new art, so it's one smooth flow. This book is the first of a series — the next due out "soon" — following the further wanderings of Green Lantern and Green Arrow, as they travel across America, trying to discover "what is wrong" with their country . . . our country . . . trying to find out what really IS Good, and what IS Bad, and what is (to quote the author) the "hideous moral cancer that is rotting our very souls!"

If you missed the series in comic book form, you can have it now, as the paperbacks are released. Let me spoil your fun, though: they never find that "hideous moral cancer" — that is, if there is a "hideous moral cancer" to find at all. Times have always been tough, gang. They've been worse back in the days when you could have been burned at the stake for reading THE MONSTER TIMES. The great thing about GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW, when it was alive, was that superheroes were finally paying attention to the problems of the real world, and using people of this world who have real emotions, and real feelings, and real exciting storytelling.

Those of our schoolaged readers with who are courageous souls are recommended to try something outrageous . . . do an in-depth book-report on G.L.-G.A. for your English teach. Justify this revolutionary action with quotations of the fine-quality writing style which author O'Neil employs, as his description of a company coal-town: "A tiny hamlet nestled between two dun-colored mountains . . . a place where poverty is the norm, and tears are more plentiful than bread . . . where women's voices sound like the keening wind and men seldom speak . . . and children quickly learn that life is unending and death is merciful . . ." Writing like this in a COMIC BOOK! — forgoshsakes!

In case your English teacher doesn't read O'Neil (Denny, rather than Eugene) fill her in. Green Lantern is a human who inherits a power ring and lantern from a dying alien. For years, now, he's been taking orders from The Guardians . . . alien super-intellects who send him all across the universe . . . NOW he's back on Earth, refusing to "follow orders" of The Guardians . . . quit being inter-galactic messenger-boy, and instead will use his powers to help those in America who need his super-help; minorities, poor people, drug addicts (in a recent issue of G.L.-G.A., it is discovered that Speedy, kid assistant to Green Arrow, has become a junkie! —). On this Quest, he takes along Green Arrow, and one of the inter-galactic Guardians.

Gee, wish we had a real Green Lantern and a real Green Arrow around to help us all. But what I wish even more is that genius illustrator Neal Adams made this double-issue, so that one of the finest comic books of all time would still be in publication. Boo, Neal Adams!

■—Chuck McNaughton

★ NEWS BULLETIN ★

Just as we go to press, a bit of startling news comes to our editorial desk . . . a welcome reprieve for a great series, from the brass at National. Though the GREEN LANTERN/-GREEN ARROW comic book is dead, the Series will live on, 12 pages per installment, in the back of the FLASH comic. Good, engrossing science fiction adventure comics still live in America! Hooray!

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We were first thinking of naming this article, EDGAR ALLAN POE MEETS ROGER CORMAN!, but figured at the last minuta that Corman should get top billing, as his's yet alive. Roger Corman is the semi-brilliant producer who started the cycle of Edgar Allan Poe-based films that came out in tha 1960's, films starring Vincent Price, mainly, but also featuring Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Lon Chanay, Jr., and even currant sneering young superstar, Jack Nicholson. Roger Corman is best described as "The Monster Who Devoured Good Taste." The Late Boris Karloff is said to have once remarked about Roger Corman's "Poe films" which bear little or nothing at all in common with Poe's stories; "Poor Poe! — the things they did to him when he wasn't around to defend himself!"

Authentic or not, tha Corman-Poe films wara highly successful, and considered by many to be the charming best produced by the controversial Corman, and inspired a rash of imitations, by such "high-brow" European film directors as Federico Fellini and Roger Vadim, who paid the sincerest form of flattery to Corman & (incidentally) Poe, by following religiously the formulas Cantankerous Corman developed with his warp-mindad scriptwriter, Richard ("I Am Legend") Mathason.

Here, than, is what inevitably happens when . . .

ROGER CORMAN meets EDGAR ALLAN POE

Roger; a Corman to the Rot!

There's been a lot of talk over the past few years about Roger Corman, the aging boy wonder of the Grade-B film. Some critics hail him as a horror genre genius. Others blast him as an overrated hack. Most maintain an in-between position. With all the reams of Corman-copy rolling off the presses of late, Corman has at the very least secured for himself the title of Hollywood's most over-publicized unsung producer.

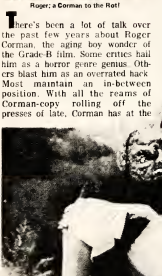
It seems to me that Roger Corman is somewhat like his hero, old Edgar Allan Poe himself, in more ways than one — although admittedly on a considerably smaller scale. Poe was capable of mixing genius with mediocrity, tension with melodrama, originality with cliche; his worlds could flow or collide, often within the pages of the same short story or even in the same paragraph.

The same holds true with Corman in the film medium.

Roger (I can afford to be familiar with him since I've never met the man) can turn out an occasional film of brilliant quality, of haunting beauty, of honest tension, of chilling terror — but where you find pearls you might also find swine, and Corman's charmed out more than his share of sausage. Again, like Poe, he often mixes both, unintentionally I trust, within the same film.

Corman's first effort was an independently produced and fortunately forgotten bomb entitled *Monster From the Ocean Floor*, starring a then-unknown actor (who managed to retain the status) named Stuart Wade and it was released in 1954. Shortly after this Corman went to work for the B-oriented American-International Pictures which had just begun its initial operation and with whom he is still affiliated. Here Corman turned, and sometimes churned out a vast number of features in different genres, including westerns (*The Gunslinger, Apache Woman*), crime capers (*Machine Gun Kelly, Thunder Over Hawaii*), ancient spectacles (*Atlas* — one of his better films by the way), pulp adventure (*The She Gods of Shark Reef* and *The Saga of The Viking Women And Their Journey To the Waters of the Great Sea Serpent* — which is not even worth forgettable with the notable exception of one scene in which a contaminated character (Paul Dubov) is slowly changing from man to mutant. Spending his days foraging through the polluted wasteland outside the shelter, he returns to his human companions each night to sleep. One night he comes in and the hero (Richard Denning) asks him what he does out there. In the dark stillness of the bedroom, the semi-mutant, his face scarred by radiation, turns to our hero and sighs: "Wonderful things happen out there." The cryptic reference to the primeval world outside the shelter achieves a truly chilling effect, and Corman carries it off remarkably well. Such moments, however, were all too rare in the early Corman productions.

"My idea of a horror flick's a Bugs Bunny film festival," said the alien carrot-creature to Lee Van Cleef, in Roger Corman's immortal classic film, IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, and then some!



Wonderful things happen out there!" said Paul Dubov in THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED, before he turned into the hideous radiation-blasted Mushroom Monster seen here.

More interesting were Corman's Filmgroup Co. productions. Filmgroup was a spin-off from American-International and turned out three films — two horror comedies (*The Little Shop of Horrors* and *Creature From the Haunted Sea*) and one end-of-the-world affair called *The Last Woman On Earth*.

With those minor successes under his belt, Roger Corman introduced himself (and vast audiences of thrilled monster fans) to Edgar Allan Poe . . .

Continued on page 18

A GNAWING OBSESSION

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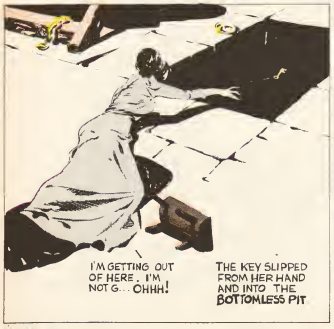
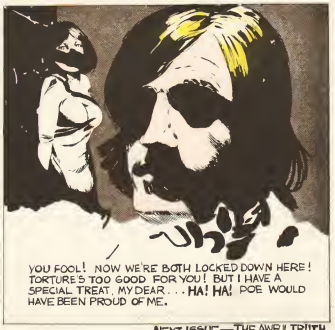




NEXT ISSUE — THE AWFUL TRUTH.

ROGER CORMAN MEETS EDGAR ALLAN POE

Continued from page 15

... Rats...their sharp fangs in my fingers ... in my throat..!

Corman's first attempt at capturing the world of Edgar Allan Poe on the screen was *The House of Usher*, a shortening of Poe's original title *The Fall Of . . .* etc. Most critics agree that *The House of Usher* was a pretty successful screen grafting of the original Poe material, being fairly faithful to the original and featuring some fine atmospheric sets with, of course, the perennial fog machines pumping madly away throughout the proceedings — as they would throughout most of Corman's Poe adaptations (in fact I wonder if Vincent Price could find his way if he didn't have an eerie fog to stealth through).

Price as Usher looks the ultimate portrait of self-contained suffering as he exhibits the pale but striking elegance of the damned. Sights and sounds and smells continuously attack his defenseless senses. Sights too vivid, too bright sear his sensitive eyes, burn his retina, blind the raw exposed nerves of his brain; sounds knife their way through the delicate membrane of his ears, smells choke his nostrils and bully his imagination; everything he perceives can turn on him in an instant to strangle his shaky and dwindling sanity.

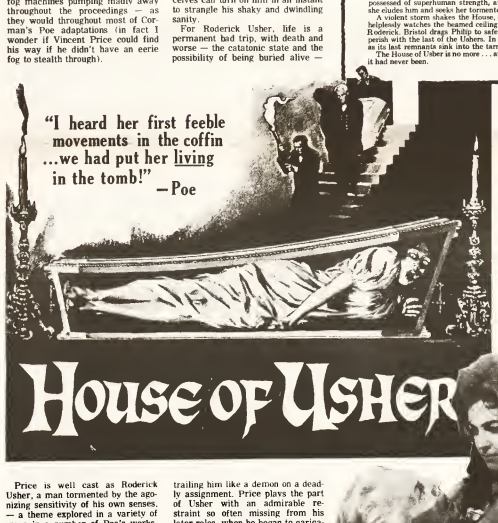
For Roderick Usher, life is a permanent bad trip, with death and worse — the catatonic state and the possibility of being buried alive — haunted by terrifying demons of his own design. In his portrait of Roderick Usher, who suffers from fits of extreme catatonia resembling the death state, Poe describes a man perched at the outer edges of agonizing pleasure and unspeakable pain, the helpless victim of the assaults of both.

Price as Usher looks the ultimate portrait of self-contained suffering as he exhibits the pale but striking elegance of the damned. Sights and sounds and smells continuously attack his defenseless senses. Sights too vivid, too bright sear his sensitive eyes, burn his retina, blind the raw exposed nerves of his brain; sounds knife their way through the delicate membrane of his ears, smells choke his nostrils and bully his imagination; everything he perceives can turn on him in an instant to strangle his shaky and dwindling sanity.

For Roderick Usher, life is a permanent bad trip, with death and worse — the catatonic state and the possibility of being buried alive — trailing him like a demon on a deadly assignment. Price plays the part of Usher with an admirable restraint so as not to be missing from his later roles, when he began to caricature his own acting style. Elegantly tall and gaunt, with a crown of prematurely white hair, he looks like a man waging constant war against an agonizing migraine headache. Floyd Crosby's incredibly rich and beautiful color photography emphasizes Price's pale, phantom-like character, and visually the film is nothing short of a masterpiece, capturing the almost *too* intense vision of Usher himself, for this is the way we imagine that he must have seen the world — colors ultra-bright, shadows unbearably dark through his oversensitive eyes, through the enemy senses that seek, unwittingly, to destroy him. These elements make Corman's first furtive entry into the strange world of Edgar Allan Poe a haunting one indeed.

Unfortunately, but not surprisingly, there are a large number of defects evident in this film. Foremost is the low budget (Corman had to work with the was employed by American-International remember) and this studio-dictated poverty shows its lean face on a number of occasions.

The special effects, particularly during the climactic scene in which the House of Usher not only falls but burns into the bargain, leave much to be desired. The House itself and the surrounding scenery contain no suggestion of a larger world existing around it: in other words, it looks like a movie set, one fairly faithful to the period being depicted, but the artifice shines through to negative effect. A sense of an outer "sane" world is important in establishing a contrast between the bizarre death-wish House of Usher and its haunted inhabitants and the overwhelming mundanity of the daylight planet in a dark corner of which the House is situated. The acting too (aside, of course, from the inimitable Vincent Price) is very awkward and "stagey" and often sounds more like an early rehearsal rather than a final take (though I don't know if American-International is into making such subtle distinctions). Mark Damon, an innocuous Hollywood pretty-boy, is woefully miscast as the suitor of Usher's younger sister (played by Myrna Fahey, who is no great shakes as an actress herself). Damon was never dynamic enough to be either interesting or entertainingly terrible and he served as a blandly handsome presence in a number of films more minor than this one (an apprenticeship, by the way, which turned out to be his entire career). Jack Nicholson was doing occasional work for American-International at the time and would have been a far better choice for the role. But despite these and other shortcomings, I still think that the *House of Usher* was a basically honest and at least partially successful attempt to translate the word images of Poe to the screen. ■



Creepy catatonic somambulist Mad Madeline Usher, stretches upon her rising from her coffin, and attacks Roderick, her brother, the fellow who Usherred her into her grave.

THE HOUSE OF USHER (the story)

Philip Winthrop (MARK DAMON) arrives unannounced at the House of Usher to see his fiancée, Madeline (MYRNA FAHEY). That night at dinner, Roderick (VINCENT PRICE), last male in the long line of Ushers, makes it clear that Philip is to leave. Philip's plan to marry Madeline is violently opposed by her brother who says that Madeline is dying and that they both suffer from the strange madness of the Usher family which he is determined shall die with them. Philip is aware of weird cracking noises each time the House shudders. Bristol (HARRY ELLERBE), the butler, explains it away as a fissure that has been in the wall of the House for years.

During the next few days mysterious attempts on Philip's life animate the horror of the House, and when Madeline takes him to the family crypt, a coffin unexplainably crashes at their feet. Madeline faints and is carried to her room. Later, Philip finds her lying fully dressed across her bed. Apparently dead, she is placed in her coffin and moved to the chapel where Roderick insists on immediate burial.

The next morning Philip learns from Bristol that Madeline was subject to cataleptic fits and instantly realizes she has been buried alive. He confronts Roderick with this truth and Roderick accepts the accusation but explains that it was done for love of his sister and the compelling need to prevent the tainted, evil Usher blood from spreading to other generations. He assures Philip that Madeline is now dead.

That night Philip awakens, grief-stricken, and seeks Madeline's coffin. In the crypt he finds bloodstains leading across the floor to a hidden passageway. Madeline, who has escaped from her coffin, is now completely insane and, possessed of superhuman strength, attacks Philip. He breaks her grasp but she eludes him and seeks her tormentor, Roderick.

A violent storm shakes the House, causing the fissure to split open. Philip helplessly watches the beamed ceiling fall upon the struggling Madeline and Roderick. Bristol drags Philip to safety and dashes back into the inferno to perish with the last of the Ushers. In seconds the house disappears in flames as its last remnants sink into the tarn.

The House of Usher is no more . . . and the place wherein it stood is as if . . . it had never been.

Oddly enough, Corman's second effort was a lot less successful and, if the word is appropriate here, a lot less sincere. *The Pit And the Pendulum* suffered from a severe, even terminal case of the Schlocks, a common disease afflicting all too many of A-I's projects and the film did a great disservice to Poe. Some of its symptoms included a less restrained performance by Price, an excessive obsession with devotion to the great God Cliche, poor production values, and a script by Richard Matheson (normally a competent enough writer but really on the skids here) that elaborated Poe's idea into almost total oblivion, substituting in its place a melodramatic melange of horror movie cliches. Yes, there is a pit and a pendulum in the film (they don't let you forget it for more than five frames at a stretch) but beyond that any resemblance to Edgar Allan Poe is purely coincidental.

The pit and the pendulum device is endlessly exploited in a heavy-handed attempt to build up bogus suspense and the whole film is as plodding as the footsteps of the Frankenstein monster himself. Corman's own limits and Grade-B tendencies, backed by A-I's usual niggardly budget, worked together to turn this one into a real back job. Performances are uninspired, with the notable and unforgettable exception of Barbara Steele (a dark-eyed beauty whose gloomy eroticism continues to haunt this minor madman's dreams, but we won't go into that here). Miss Steele is incapable, I believe (her eyes, her moody, smile, her certain way of walking, of talking . . . I luff zo much za beauties from za crypt!) of giving anything but a great performance. Price does a lusty (if that's the euphemism I'm groping for) performance, and while John Kerr is not quite as bad as Mark Damon, he can be as boring as the next guy (and you know how boring *he* can be). All in all, *The Pit And the Pendulum* can best be described as a mistake and I, for one, don't want to pay it any more mind if that, indeed, is what I've been paying it thus far).

But stay tuned for the next installment in this thoroughly absorbing series of articles when we will take a closer look at *Premature Burial*, *Tales of Terror*, and *The Raven*, a trio of more Corman-Poe thrillers...

Continued next issue

PIT AND THE PENDULUM (the story)

Francis Barnard (JOHN KERR) journeys to Spain to learn more of the death of his only sister, Elizabeth (BARBARA STEELE). He is met at the door of the Castle Medina by Catherine (LAURA ANDERS), sister of Nicholas Medina (VINCENT PRICE).

Nicholas appears and tells Francis that his sister died from a blood disease and leads him to the burial room where the casket is bricked in behind the wall. Francis senses something wrong despite Nicholas' story of devotion to his sister, while Nicholas seems haunted by strange proceedings in Elizabeth's room.

When Dr. Leon (ANTHONY CARBONE) a family friend and Elizabeth's physician arrives, Francis questions him, learning that Elizabeth died of fright. Nicholas protests that he only wanted to spare Francis the details, then shows him the torture chamber where Nicholas' father, Sebastian, practiced the cruelties of the Inquisition. Nicholas tells how Elizabeth seemed fascinated by the place, her mind gradually deteriorating until one night she was found inside the iron box in the chamber, frozen with terror and whispering "Sebastian" as she died.

Later, Catherine tells Francis of Nicholas' childhood. He had been forbidden to enter the torture chamber, but had crept inside and secretly witnessed the death of his mother and uncle, for adultery, at the hands of his father.

That night, the household is awakened by the sound of the harpsichord, which only Elizabeth could play. Nicholas is found in the music room, numb with terror, clutching a ring supposedly buried with Elizabeth. Dr. Leon gives him a sedative and puts him to bed, then explains to Catherine and Francis that Nicholas is obsessed with the idea that Elizabeth has been buried alive, suffering the same fate that befell his mother.

At breakfast, Dr. Leon, Francis and Catherine hear sounds of destruction coming from Elizabeth's room. They hurry upstairs and Nicholas, coming out of his room unlocks the door and collapses in the shambles they find. Francis finds a passage leading from Nicholas' room to Elizabeth's and accuses Nicholas of creating the mysterious occurrences himself. Nicholas is terrified at the idea of having unconsciously done these things, and Leon suggests that the only way to settle the matter is to exhume Elizabeth's body. The casket reveals a tortured corpse—but not that of Elizabeth. Nicholas' mind, at this point, is beginning to snap and he attempts suicide.

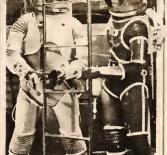
That night, Nicholas is awakened by a woman's voice calling his name, and he follows the sound through the secret passage. The voice draws him to the burial room where the real Elizabeth rises from the casket and chases him to the torture chamber. Dr. Leon enters and chides her for not waiting for him. She merely laughs and gloats over what is revealed to be a joint plot with her lover, Dr. Leon, to drive Nicholas mad and get his money.

Nicholas, now completely insane, assumes his father's identity and proceeds to dispose of his faithless wife and her lover as his father did. In the struggle, Dr. Leon falls to his death in the pendulum pit. Francis enters the chamber and Nicholas lashes him to the table and sets the razor-sharp pendulum in motion. Catherine and the butler, Maximilian (PATRICK WESTWOOD), set Francis free just in time, and in a struggle, Nicholas is pushed into the pit and dies. The evil Elizabeth is left to die, locked in an iron box, unbeknowst to the others.

Wellp, gang! We've all seen those "10 Best" film lists. Every film, it seems, gets on one of them. There's always some moron who'll like just about anything, and praise a film in a printed review (for a price). But what about films on the reverse end of the spectrum? What about opuses which are so bad that no one will even admit that he's ever heard of them? Don't they deserve a dishonorable mention? Or an honorable belch? Yes! They DO deserve an honorable belch! (We're Democratic, here at THE MONSTER TIMES!) Where other films get Promo, we get Bromo; as we proudly present—

10 CRUMBIEST OF '71

(1) MOON ZERO TWO. Billed as the first space-western, this Hammer film was literally selling in 8mm home versions before it played theatrically in most major cities. Perhaps Warner Brothers, its distributor, wanted to check audience reaction to such ideas as "showdown in moon crater seven", "heading 'em off at the comet", and "riding off into a super nova." Obviously, with cardboard settings and 3rd rate special effects, things didn't go over too well, not even for the film's hero James Olson —



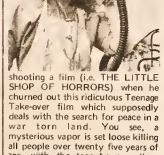
who had to wait for his role in Robert Wise's ANDROMEDA STRAIN to really appreciate the meaning of the word star. MOON ZERO TWO today still remains unviewed by most fans, perhaps this is most fortunate. Thank your lucky "stars", fans!

(2) FROM EAR TO EAR. Film maker Jerry Gross certainly lives up to his last name in his picture releases, and is here represented by one of his distinctly grosser outings. FROM EAR TO EAR was, we hear, quite a sensational and provocative picture when released in France under its original title of THE COUSINS. But when Gross' Cinemation Industries were finally finished re-editing, re-scoring, re-titling, and re-dubbing — the end product could have been more tastefully served up by the mad butcher of Market Street.

It's plain to even the most rank film viewer that FROM EAR TO EAR is nothing but a pastiche of this and that put together by a madman on some dank and rainy inebriated afternoon. We can just sit back and pray that Gross never acquires rights to something like THE WIZARD OF OZ; the publicity campaign for that flick would no doubt boggle the mind.

(3) GAS-S-S-S-S. Luckily Roger Corman's film GAS failed to play extensively in the New York metropolitan area, but reports from other correspondents say that most of the nation wasn't so lucky, with some areas having to sit through this film on a truly horrifying first run basis.

Producer Corman certainly must have beaten his three day record for



shooting a film (i.e. THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS) when he churned out this ridiculous Teenage Take-over film which supposedly deals with the search for peace in a war torn land. You see, a mysterious vapor is set loose killing all people over twenty five years of age, with the teenyboppers then running around in their new world with every trait they hated about the departed adults.

Not even the cameo appearance by God could save this trite piece from being anything but tasteless drivel. Corman, creator of the great Poe masterpieces, must have really been GASSSSSSED!

(4) LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH. would have been more aptly titled LET'S BORE PEOPLE TO DEATH by its producers, since that's exactly what happened to audiences everywhere who were conned into seeing this picture through an effective but grossly misleading ad campaign. Expired audiences' carcasses were carted from theatres surreptitiously by moving men in dead of night & sold to medical schools. If anyone you know disappeared during this movie's run in your neighborhood, notify the Missing Person's Bureau immediately!

Hoping to latch onto the crest of the low budget cult films like CARNIVAL OF SOULS or NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, the men behind Jessica's skirts just intertwined the plot lines of the two aforementioned pictures, hired a host of unknown actors, and placed them in the standard locales and situation. Result: an unredeemable bomb with the utter lack of any talent or imagination sticking out like the proverbial sore thumb.

(5) NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS. What happened when MGM found out their lowest budgeted film of 1970, HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS, became their biggest money-making hit in drive-ins across the nation? Well the cry came shrieking down from the top brass, "Let's do it again, but this time let's cut corners and see how much more bread we can put in our pockets." And that's just the way this second Dan Curtiss cinema outing appears: cheap and unconvincing in every aspect. Gone is Jonathan Frid, gone is any hint at the vampire legend, gone is any horror and suspense, and, thusly, gone is the audience.

Dark Shadows' alumni David Selby and Lara Parker came across on the big screen much as they did on the small one — with all the hammy histrionics you might expect on amateur night at the graveyard. This, coupled with poor settings, hackneyed script, and abominable sound and lighting made NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS one of the most literal "horror" films of '71.

(6) WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH. The preceding year, 1970, was certainly the season for pre-historic fantasies, and England's Hammer Films was no doubt the chief purveyor of such seemingly meager motion picture fare. Their first effort, WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH, basically followed the same pattern as their '65 "classic," ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. — although they deleted the two main ingredients of the first: the writhing of Raquel Welch and the workmanship of special effects wizard Ray Harryhausen.

DINOSAURS star Victoria Vetri was delightful to look at, yet she just couldn't reach the heights attained by Miss Welch — even with her beautifully wired push-up halter.

And although DINOSAURS animators Jim Danforth and David Allen are competent in their animated model work, they still have yet to achieve the masterwork of artist Ray Harryhausen, who ability to bring humanized life to his creations is as unequaled as it is uncanny.

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH became so much of nothing after a short time, even though they obviously tried for at least a half-hearted imitation.

(8) THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA.Ye Gods, Christopher Lee imitator Robert Quary is back again without any explanation for his death in the first film; and once more he's saying almost the same lines and killing off the same victims he put the bite on first time around.

Now I realize COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE was American-International's biggest success of 1970, and I don't blame them a bit for setting up a quick sequel; but I do take arms when they just re-shoot the same script with the same actors — and then have the utter nerve to release the two on a double bill. The first one was bad enough, and then to have to sit through the same mediocrity once again is almost too much for any one reviewer to take sitting down.

Actually, they were going to call it THE REPLAY OF COUNT YORGA, but felt this just might strain audience reaction to the final limit.

(7) But if you thought DINOSAURS was bad, its follow-up, CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT, quickly pales in comparison.

It's obvious these cave-man outings are one of the best studio investments around for Continental production companies. They're inexpensive to shoot, with no sets, no costumes, and not even dialogue to worry about. But does Hammer really sincerely believe that American audiences are going to sit still much longer for these sandstone soap-operas. From the box-office receipts, it would seem the only people seeing these films are the sex fiends among us who enjoy the abundances of flesh usually offered up by the latest new budding Hammer starlet that these flicks endeavor to showcase.

In this case, it is Swedish bombshell Julie Ege, who does a goodly share of bouncing and writhing — but this time without any form of stop motion animation monster-izing to back it up. If you must see it, make sure you see the R-rated version; there's a milder GP cut version going around which is completely worthless.

(9) THE MEPHISTO WALTZ. No doubt one of the slickest and most lavishly produced horror films of 1971, this picture had all the originality of a xerox machine,

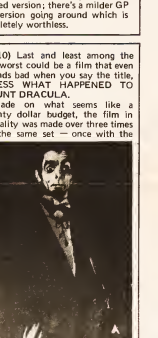
coupled with the tantamount suspense of a toothpaste commercial.

Everybody else is following some leader's trend, and in this case it was 20th Century Fox hoping for a quick victory and coup over the success of William Castle's earlier ROSEMARY'S BABY for Paramount. The former was successful because of three main reasons: the acting talent, the fine plotting, and Roman Polanski's direction. MEPHISTO WALTZ failed because it just lacked any of the fine attributes of the Polanski effort.

Of course we get the weird music, maniacal settings, and even the devil himself in WALTZ, but even Satan, with all his power, had to falter when confronted with such bumbling direction and editing. Only Peyton Place beauty Barbara Parkins served as eye-ball relief for bored and angered viewers.

(10) Last and least among the ten worst could be a film that even sounds bad when you say the title, GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO COUNT DRACULA.

Made on what seems like a twenty dollar budget, the film in actuality was made over three times on the same set — once with the

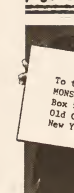


actors wearing clothes under the original title, then again in the buff as DOES DRACULA REALLY SUCK?, and once more as a really degenerate romp entitled DOES DRACULA REALLY ...?

And no matter what way you see it, it still lacks any sort of taste or talent — although the clothed version is said to be the most boring of the three versions, even with its scant eighty minute running time.

DISHONORABLE NEAR MISSES!

And that sort of wraps up the ten worst of '71, although there are 10 others that could have easily made the list — pictures such as HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN, CAT O'NINE TAILS, THE INCREDIBLE TWO HEADED TRANSPLANT, THE VELVET VAMPIRE, BRAIN OF BLOOD, BEAST OF THE YELLOW NIGHT, CREATURE WITH THE BLUE HAND, FRANKENSTEIN ON CAMPUS, THE BEGUILED, and the ever popular epic adventure serio-comedy SIMON, KING OF THE WITCHES! Simon, the Witch-King made his home in a Los Angeles sewer. Supposedly, this was to make him a pitiable, sympathetic character. We agree, living in a L.A. sewer must have been a plight, with no one to talk to but the producers and writers of the afore-mentioned films! JW■



SESAME SCREECH

Dear Monster Times,
I would like to read more about:
Attack of the Crab Monsters,
Bride of Frankenstein,
Castle of Terror,
Doctor Jekyell as Mr. Hide,
Fire Maidens of Outer Space,
Godzilla,
House on Haunted Hill,
I Was a Teenage Werewolf,
Journey To The Center Of The Earth,
King Kong,
Lost Continent,
Murders in the Rue Morge,
Night of the Living Dead – Night Gallery,
Phantom of the Opera,
Return of Count Yorga,
Slaughter of the Vampires,
Thirteen Ghosts,
Unknown Island,
Vampire Lovers,
War of the Colossal Beast,
Doctor "X", and
Black Zoo.

I can not find movies for the letters **E, O, Q, & Y**. But I found the rest of the letters. The first issue was good but I am not that interested in STAR TREK. But I still liked it. I hope you can make something out of some of my requests. They are pretty good.

Sincerely,
Michael Thompson

We'll see what we can do, Mike. Also we'll see if we can unearth something on "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers", "The Outer Limits", "Queen of Outer Space", and maybe even, "Yog, Monster from Space". Well, maybe we'll skip Yog, which was a real Yeech!

■

WORDS FROM WEIRD, WOEBEGONE W. VA.

Dear Sir,
The first issue of THE MONSTER TIMES was a very pleasant surprise. The cover was nice but I liked the centerfold quite a bit more. The articles I liked best were "The Men Who Saved KING KONG", the illustrated version of NOSFERATU, The Monster Market (great idea!), Book, "The Monster Times Teletype", and The Old Abandoned Warehouse. The articles I enjoyed least were "The Collected Works of BUCK ROGERS" (I know it was a review but I just don't like BUCK ROGERS), and "THINGS TO COME".

I wish very much that you have lots of photos and articles on Hammer Films, Peter Cushing and especially on Christopher Lee. These are my favorite subjects in the monster and terror business.

I also want to see some reviews on some fanzines (has something happened to George?, I haven't been getting my issues as of lately) and more work from your contributing artists. Try to print as much info as you can on the upcoming films because that is something that really interests me. Best of luck on upcoming issues. Many thanks!

Respectively yours,
Mike Phillips
Tornado, WV

"George" may possibly be doing some fanzine reviews for THE MONSTER TIMES. As to their circulation problems, that's not yet our department. If you want an answer to your question, let GEORGE do it!

MT: FRIEND OF FANDOM

Dear Peoples,
I want to wish you all the luck in the world with your innovative, new publication. It's about time someone came out with a national magazine that recognizes fandom (in my case, it's comics.) and the ideas and ideals of its members.

Pax,
Duffy Vohland
Clarksburg, Indiana

Well, Duffy, it seems these days that every new talent in writing and comics art grew from fan-dom. Perhaps you, too, may contribute to THE MONSTER TIMES.

■

MONSTERS, NO! MT YES!

Dear Sirs.
I'm not really a monster fan but your new paper sounds like it would be interesting even to a non-monster fan.

Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers, Prince Valiant, Tarzan, Doc Savage . . .

Monsters? Yeah, I realize they each met their monsters! Sounds very good and since I am especially a Tarzan fan, I'm interested in what happens at National with the new Tarzan comic line. And I hear Doc Savage will be out from Marvel. Now if someone would get Flash Gordon back on the market . . .

John Rose
La Crosse, Texas

We've got an interview with George (the time machine) Pal coming up soon. He talks about his new plans to film the "Doc Savage" books. Watch for it!

■

SO YOU DIG GODZILLA . . .?

Dear Sirs,
I've been asking many magazine companies to print reports, photos and posters of "GODZILLA" and some of his great movies. I'd like to see "GODZILLA" destroy AND wreck and demolish KONG! So please print it in, I think you will, because you asked us to encourage you. I hope to see some reports and scenes and posters in your next issue.

Sincerely,
Bruno De Bueris

OK, Bruno, GODZILLA ya wants, GODZILLA ya gets . . . in a couple of more issues. We're planning a gigantic Japanese Monster Film issue very soon, anyway, and have access to the original GODZILLA lobby cards. Sooo . . .

Drawing by Marc Bilgrey

A BLESSING IN GRAVE DISGUISE

Dear Sirs:
The Monster Times really promises to be a high quality publication. The issue you devoted to STAR TREK was really done well. It showed the thing that many fantasy and Sci-fi publications leave out. What I mean is it showed some love for the subject. Are you going to do an article on the STAR TREK convention?

The convention was one of the greatest I've ever been to. Also in this letter is included some artwork I did. Maybe there's room somewhere. Its closing "LIVE LONG AND PROSPER".

MARC BILGREY
New York, N.Y.

Don't ever say that to a Zombie! An article on the STAR-TREK-CON is in issue No. 5.

MT AND THE COMPETITION

Dear Sirs,
Good Luck with "The Monster Times". It looks best pro-monster mag in years. "Famous Monsters" is all reprints and "Castle of Frankenstein" has dropped-in quality sharply after No. 13 issue and gone down hill ever since. I hope to see "The Monster Times" (Hope, hope) continue for many years.

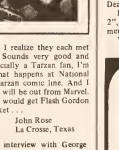
Best,
Bob Martin

We hope so, too, Bob (hope! hope!).

A HASTINGS MISJUDGEMENT

Dear Sirs:
In regard to your issue "Volume 1 No. 2", the feature on page 12, "TV Spacemen of the 50's", your research is sloppy.

Video Ranger is *Don Hastings*, not



Hayes, and at the present time he is a permanent character named "Dr. Bob" on the soap opera "As The World Turns". His brother, *Bob* Hastings, is the sidekick to E. Borgnine. Also, although the special effects in Capt Video could have an unintentionally comic aspect, neither character was so deliberately concerned. Enjoyed your issue about Star Trek – Is your "Dean Alpheus Latimer" the D.A. Latimer of "X" fame?

Also, the strip on page 10, is whoever drew that the same guy who used to do a comic called "Bobby Benson and the B-Bar B Boys" and assorted others in the late 40's or early 50's?

C. Blomquist

Yes, we goofed. Yes, it is "The Latimer." Sorry, we don't know if there even WAS a comic called "Bobby Benson and the B-Bar-B Boys." You say there was. Guess there was.

WHERE BE THE FAN CLUB?

Dear Monster Times:
I am quite pleased with your newspaper. Except that I think you should make it a bit longer.

In your first issue you mentioned about "Fan Club Info" where you mentioned the idea of Buttons. Well I would like to know where I can get them.

Good luck with your newspaper.

Sincerely,
Steven Reichman
Merrick, Long Island

Just keep reading THE MONSTER TIMES, Steve, and you'll learn more about our fan club, soon enough.

■

HE WAITS IMPATIENTLY

Dear MONSTER TIMES,
I think THE MONSTER TIMES is great! The special STAR TREK issue was fascinating. William Shatner has a good many of the characteristics of the series' Captain Kirk. Your first issue was great also. I can't wait to find out some more about the production of KING KONG!

In the STAR TREK issue you asked for opinions from your readers. Well, I wish you would dedicate an issue to vampires and werewolves alone. Maybe you could, in detail, follow along a plot for a movie, THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA for instance. Then maybe you could do an issue all about dinosaur movies. Well anyway, loved your first two issues and I'm waiting impatiently for the third on Giant Insects!

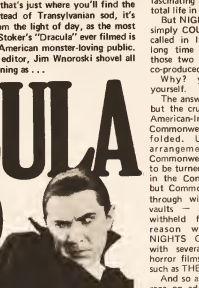
Ron Dionne
L.I., N.Y.

We've got a Prehistoric Issue and a Hammer Issue in the works, Ron. Just hold your breath!

Send us so many letters, postcards, boosts, detractions, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.

The last place you'd expect to see anemic nemesis of all red-blooded Americans, would be a court of law, yet, that's just where you'll find the old Count lying around, these days. Instead of Transylvanian sod, it's bureaucratic red-tape which hides him from the light of day, as the most authentic and horrifying version of Bram Stoker's "Dracula" ever filmed is kept there, hidden from the eyes of the American monster-loving public. Let's let MONSTER TIMES contributing editor, Jim Wnoroski shovel all the graveyard dirt about what's been happening as . . .

DRACULA GOES TO COURT



by JIM WNOROSKI

Bureaucracy coupled with legal emptiness and red tape has hit almost everything these days — from paying your taxes, to bringing that pair of red flannel underwear you got for Christmas back to Macy's return counter.

And now after a long time without any of this bumbling or harassment, bureaucracy has come to monster filmdom, in the form of a lawsuit — a legal matter that may prevent movie goers from seeing what could be the horror classic of the decade.

It all started about two years ago when England's Tigon Studios producer Harry Allan Towers (THE CRIMSON CULT) commissioned Italian director Jess Franco to film the definitive version of Bram Stoker's famous novel DRACULA, to be issued by the now defunct Commonwealth United Releasing Company.

Franco and Towers brought together such international stars as Herbert Lom, Soledad Miranda, Klaus Kinsky, and the inimitable Christopher Lee to portray Dracula. Using original Balkan settings and locations, the film company set many of their interiors in the original castles and courtyards that still stand today — places that like certain courts of law — still yet may be haunted by ghosts and demons from the past.

I was lucky enough to see this film, entitled THE NIGHTS OF DRACULA (LA NUITS DE DRACULA), over the past summer while on vacation in Paris, where it played to packed houses along the Champs-Elysees; the French capitol's equivalent to our own 42nd Street.

The picture could aptly be labeled a masterpiece of atmospheric horror. Director Franco sticks closely to the Stoker novel for the first half of the film, bringing to life on the screen all the livid and almost indescribably feelings of terror — right down to the servant wolves baying to the blue lights of the shrouded Transylvanian forest.

Although the film bogs down somewhat in the later scenes, it is hard to shake the unnerving emotions one gets from seeing actual living bats swarming around a misty fog-enshrouded castle that you know is NOT the product of some Hollywood set designer. The sky that's always gray, the buildings lifeless and lacking luster, and the damp and dripping darkness all seem to encompass and possess every act; making the motion picture's dreary yet strangely fascinating subject matter come to total life in the dark theater.

But NIGHTS OF DRACULA (or simply COUNT DRACULA as it is called in Italy) will remain for a long time within the bounds of those two countries where it was co-produced.

Why? you may be asking yourself.

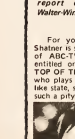
The answer is not all that simple, but the crux of the matter lies in American-International buying out Commonwealth United after it folded. Under the contract arrangements, all negatives in Commonwealth's possession were to be turned over to AIP for release in the Continental United States; but Commonwealth did not come through with everything in their vaults — and among the films withheld for some unexplained reason was (you guessed it) NIGHTS OF DRACULA, along with several other foreign made horror films with Christopher Lee, such as THE BLOODY JUDGE.

And so as the court room battles rage on ad infinitum and the red tape builds up to the Nth degree, horror enthusiasts sit around deprived of what is already considered to be a classic by most European fantasy film aficionados.

The question we raise here is simply this: "Why must the public continually suffer the torrent of grade "Z" cinema fare, when such fine films as THE NIGHTS OF DRACULA are just waiting impatiently in the wings — waiting for the tedious American court procedures to reach a final conclusion? The answer we hope will be forthcoming! As should be NIGHTS OF DRACULA. ■

the MONSTER times Teeype

. . . is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-wire info to you; reviews, previews, scoops on horror films in production, newsworthy monster curiosities, bulletins, and other gruesflashes. There are several contributors to our hodge-podge Teeype page . . . BILL FERET, our man in Show Biz (he's a professional actor, singer, dancer with the impressive resume list of stage, film and TV credits to his name), makes use of his vast professional experiences and leads to Feret-out items of interest to monster fans, and duly report on them in his flashing Walter-Wind-chill manner.

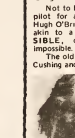


For you old Star-Trekkies, William Shatner is soon to turn up on an episode of ABC-TV's THE SIXTH SENSE, entitled originally DEATH AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. It concerns a man who plays piano master-fully on a trance-like state, sort of a somnambul-Berace. It's such a pity that this series, which has vast potential, is nowhere up to the par it should be. With all that ESP flying around, you'd think they could see all their failings in advance.

T.V., by the way, is due for a fantastic influx of horror and suspense films, ABC's NIGHTSTALKER had the highest rating of any made-for-T-V movie yet, in fact they're going to release it as a theatrical movie. THE SCREAMING WOMAN, also on ABC, as well as CBS's SHE WAITS, also had unusually high ratings.

Not to be outdone, NBC is readying a pilot for a prospective series, starring Hugh O'Brian, called PROBE. Something akin to a space-age MISSION IMPOSSIBLE, only with missions more impossible.

The old faithfuls are at it again. Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee are winding up shooting on HORROR EXPRESS in Madrid, and are going to, together again, THE CREEPING FLESH, back home again at Shepperton Studios.



Peter Cushing EC-style

Marlon Brando is starring in a new theatrical film, THE NIGHTCOMERS, and with a title like that, you might think it was about beachcombers who work the evening (graveyard) shift . . . it's not. Do you remember that all-time super-duper stalker-shocker called THE INNOCENTS, based on Henry James' TURN OF THE SCREW? If you do, then perhaps you recall those dear, dread, awful apparitions, 'Miss Jessel' and 'Peter Quint'. THAT'S what THE NIGHTCOMERS is about!!!

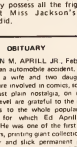
The Incredible Shrinking Man is returning, only this time it's a different fellow, and he's a 'mite' smaller. Tigon British Films, is readying for release COLD WAR IN A COUNTRY GARDEN, (the titles mis-sized more and more), dealing with a hero who is ¼ of an inch tall.

Also from Tigon comes DEATHWATCH, starring Ian Bannen, Judy Geeson, and in a guest star role, George Sanders.

With all these GUNKY titles around, perhaps you shied away from BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW, because it looked . . . gunky? Anyway, hurry to see it, before the blood clawts.

After much hassle, and reported negotiations time and time again, AIP is truly going to fem H.G. Wells' WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES. James H. Nicholson will produce it independently himself. Hooray!

Shirley Jackson's marvelously malignant WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN A CASTLE, will finally be before the cameras soon. It's about time, too. I happened to catch the theatrical version of it in Washington, D.C. in preview a few years ago, starring Shirley Knight. It was a remarkable piece of macabre, but it never did see broadway, because perhaps it resembled THE BAD SEED too much. Much more could have been done with it, and I think the film medium will capture all the nuances a live production couldn't. It could easily possess all the fright and terror that Miss Jackson's THE HAUNTING did.



OBITUARY

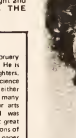
Died EDWIN M. APRILL JR., February 6, 1972, in an automobile accident. He is survived by a wife and two daughters. Those who are involved in comics, science fiction or just plain nostalgia, on either pro or fan level are grateful to the many contributions to the whole popular arts community for which Ed Aprill was responsible. He was one of the first great fan-publishers, producing giant collections of sturdy paper and slick permanent paper covers of THE SPIRIT, BUCK ROGERS, JOHNNY COMET (Fawcett's comic strip), as well as his special regular publication, CARTOONISTS' SHOWCASE, which reprinted in huge size, old EC horror-sci-fi artwork, Al Williamson's current comic strip, SECRET AGENT X-9/CORRIGAN, as well as MODESTY BLAISE, and TARZAN, among others. His passing is mourned by all who knew him.

With the incredible success of "Willard" there seems to be a boom on malicious mammals. I've already told you about the sequel "Ben," but soon to be multiplying the malice will be RABBITS. It stars Stuart Whitman, Rory Calhoun, and Psycho-ditectable Janet Leigh. "Twould be nice if it had an Eastertime release, don't you think? PETER RABID? PETER COTTONTAIL GOES APE? INVASION OF THE BUNNY BEAST? What with the current money-making degenerate hippy "Jesus-Freek" fad, we wouldn't be surprised if the producers of RABBITS try to pick up on that fundamentalist of markets by having a crucified Easter Bunny. Anything for the old green kale-stuff. Lettuce pray!

I'm sure all of my friends (friends?) in the New York area, are going to run to see the play SYDNEY AND THE WEREWOLF'S WIDOW, as soon as it opens. It stars Telly Sevalas and Geraldine Page. It's about . . . the widow of a werewolf! Really! And the man who wants to marry her, but is a little worried about her two not-so-darling little children by her . . . or . . . previous husband (?) who . . . was a . . . werewolf! The kids are, shall we say, a Little Strange. The girl is into Voodoo and things, while the boy bays at the moon.

Independent International will be releasing FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR, in 3-D, BLOOD OF GHASTLY HORROR, and DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN. I am horribly, and bloodily aghast-ly. Isn't everyone?

A New York-based firm, Kurt Films, will release CARNIVAL OF BLOOD, and CURSE OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN shortly.



The creator of the musical hit OLIVER, Lionel Bart, has a musical version of THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME in the offing. The score of QUASIMODO will be released as a two record album prior to the Broadway production, aka the success of J.C. Superdupe. I can just hear Quasi humming . . . "If I were a bell . . . or ". . . The bells are ringing for me and . . ." and Esmeralda's little ditty to him . . . "There's the kinda walk you walk . . . " Maybe they could call it . . . "The Sound of Mumbling?" (Would someone investing in the show be called an . . . "Hunch" backker?)

The creators of JESUS CHRIST, SUPERSTAR, Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (music) are going to pen a new filmusicalization of PETER PAN. Lionel Jeffries, whom you've seen dozens of times in sci-fi and horror films, is directing. The "second star to the right" may never be the same, but I trust Mr. Jeffries.

Master musician Richard Rodgers is collaborating on a musical version of ARSENIC AND OLD LACE. The two geniuses who brought you WEST SIDE STORY, Jerry Robbins and Leonard Bernstein, are planning a musical version of "The Dybbuk," which deals with demon possession.

As you have seen, both Television and Films are surging with gruesomeness, and don't think it hasn't crept into the theatre world as well. Gwen Verdon, in her first straight play, is the star of a suspense shocker called CHILDREN, CHILDREN! in which she plays a baby-sitter to some "rather nasty" wards.

Gwen Verdon

CHILDREN! CHILDREN!

CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
MARCH 12, APRIL 9, MAY 14	THE SECOND SUNDAY PHIL SEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	$1.00 (10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)	COMIC BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
MARCH 3–5 FRI., SAT., SUN.	CANADA CON TOM ROBE V.W.O. 504 MARKHAM ST. TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA	INFO. NOT AVAILABLE WRITE CONVENTION	Infor Not Available Write Con.	Comic Books, S.F. Pulps. Nostalgia oriented.
MARCH 25-27 FRI., SAT., SUN.	L.A. CON JERRY O'HARA 14722 LEMOLI AVE. GARDENIA, CALIF. 92249	L.A. HILTON. LOS ANGELES.	Info. Not Available Write Con.	Comic convention; comic books, strips. Guest speakers, Cartoonists.
MARCH 31, APRIL 1, 2 FRI., SAT., SUN.	LUNA–CON DEVRA LANGSAM 250 CRDWN ST. BKLYN, N.Y. 11225	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST. & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	$5.00 Per Person	New York's Biggest Annual Sci-Fi Convention Big Time Writers Galore!

THE CON-CALENDAR is special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of quaintly curious zealots. The gatherings called "conventions," and the zealots, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it. Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-print comics, science fiction pulps, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Oracule or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why) or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers–or if you just want to meet other monster or comics science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the effable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of those conventions. We dare ya!

We're going back to the PLANET OF THE APES for another sequel – CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES. Roddy McDowell again stars along with Don Murray and Natalie Trundy. Stay away from this one in droves! Yecch!

Scheduled for a Broadway opening on April is a new "Supernatural drama" titled A GHOST STORY. Starring in it are Julie Harris (of the "Haunting" fame) and Richard Kiley. It concerns a couple who take refuge in an old, decaying Victorian home in New England during a snowstorm. Miss Harris is truly an adept "screamer" and should be really super.

Don't expect the film version of CABARET to be a soft shoe – song and dance type of musical. It'll be more like a song-and-dance macabre. Word has it that Liza Minelli's "Sally Bowles" won't be quite as goody-two-shoes as depicted on Broadway and Joel Grey's characterization of the Emcee will be more towards the Satanic figure originally intended. The atmosphere of the CABARET, The Kit Kat Club, will be one of gothic foreboding and dark malignancy, with all of its bizarre tenants contributing to what I hope will be a truly sinister film.

Broadway Producer, David Merrick, has finally turned to films and is filming his successful, spine-tingling drama, CHILD'S PLAY. The action takes play in an English boys school, with mucho mysterious happenings, malevolent atmosphere reeking, and youthful sadism. With the impressive presence of Robert Preston, Beau Bridges and James Mason, you can expect a winner.

The musical version of "LOST HORIZON" entitled SHANGRI-LA, didn't make on Broadway a few years ago, but Ross Hunter is readying an altogether new multi-million dollar film version, with music by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. This could be a blockbuster, and you know Mr. Hunter's films are usually Shangri-la-win!

Denise Nicholas, of ROOM 222 is the heroine in the all black modern day version of BLACULA. William Marshall, noted Shakespearean actor, essays the title role.

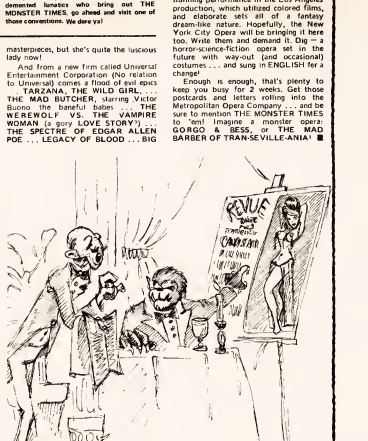
And if it isn't a horror film, it should be, with a title like RARE BLUE APES OF CANNIBAL ISLE. IT AIN'T A MUSICAL COMEDY!

NECROMANCY will star Orson Welles and Pamela Franklin. Its original title was THE TOY FACTORY, and I can see the reason for the title change. I happen to adore Pam Franklin, too. I wish they'd give her lotsa meaty roles, because I really feel she'll be a super-star someday. Her previous roles as wicked children were all masterpieces, but she's quite the luscious lady now!

And from a new firm called Universal Entertainment Corporation (No relation to Universal) comes a flood of evil epics . . . TARZANA, THE WILD GIRL . . . THE MAD BUTCHER, starring Victor Buono the baneful babes . . . THE WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMAN (a gory LOVE STORY!) . . . THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLEN POE . . . LEGACY OF BLOOD . . . BIG FOOT . . . CURSE OF BIG FOOT . . . THE DEVIL, YOU SAY . . . and DEATH TRAP. That's a heap of horror! Will there be THE TOE OF BIG FOOT. Sounds like a TV series potential: STUB THE STARS.

And finally, sci-fi author Karel Capek (WAR OF THE NEWTS) had one of his works turned into an opera entitled THE MAKROPOULOS AFFAIR, which concerns a woman who is 342 years old. Wagnerian soprano, Maralin Niska, a sort of Raquel Welch Valkyrie, gave a stunning performance in the Los Angeles production, which utilized colored films, and elaborate sets all of a fantasy dream-like nature. Hopefully, the New York City Opera will be bringing it here too. Write them and demand it. Dig – a horror-science-fiction opera set in the future with way-out (and occasional) costumes . . . and sung in ENGLISH for a change!

Enough is enough, that's plenty to keep you busy for 2 weeks. Get those postcards and letters rolling into the Metropolitan Opera Company . . . and be sure to mention THE MONSTER TIMES to 'em! Imagine a monster opera: GORGO & BESS, or THE MAD BARBER OF TRAN-SEVILLE-ANIA! ■



"No-No Monsieur! THIS is re menu! THAT is the entertainment!"

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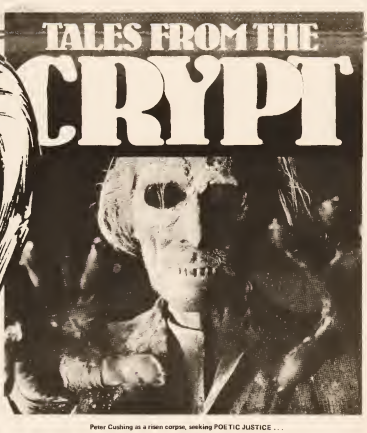
TALES FROM THE CRYPT

Jack Davis' rendering of the immortal Crypt-Keeper



Peter Cushing as a risen corpse, seeking POETIC JUSTICE . . .

From out of the pulsating pages of the late, great EC horror comix comes a horrific new movie.

"TALES FROM THE CRYPT"

Yep, gang! You remember all those great EC comix of the early 1950's that have been reprinted as paperbacks and even now in hard-cover book form (**HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950'S**)! Well, now five of those great old tales of murder and mutilation and corpses rising from the grave and demon-haunted catacombs and obstacle courses of walls covered with sharp, new, glistening razor blades, and-all-like-that-there! . . . have been turned into a feature-length film, starring some biggies in both the horror and the "respectable" acting fields.

Sir Ralph Richardson, of all the "respectable" people you'd least expect to see, plays the Crypt-keeper. Not so much the pungently-punning black-humorist

Sir Ralph Richardson as the Crypt Keeper.

Crypt-keeper who obnoxiously enhanced the pages of the EC comix, but a somber, moody, satanic figure in a monk's robe, broodingly holding inquisition of souls as he sits before a huge skull-shaped altar. But Sir Ralph isn't really so "respectable" — the first film he appeared in was a 1932 shocker, **THE GHOUL**.

The Crypt-keeper introduces the tales, by questioning each of the main participants in the stories. Then we flash-back to each character's particular doings

COMPARISON TIME: I think we'll all agree, class, that Mr. Cushing's modern makeup and performance very nicely emulates EC artist Graham "Ghastly" Ingels' eerie original 1952 version of the same tale; POETIC JUSTICE.

(mainly evil), and we see how "the evil that men do" not only "lives after them" but often even chases after them from the other side of the grave (or Crypt). And among the horrified living and vengeful undead hunters are "respectable" newcomers to horror **Joan Collins** (Mrs. Anthony Newley), **Patrick Magee** (currently making waves in **CLOCKWORK ORANGE** and **KING LEAR**), who puts in a remarkable performance as a blind man (one wonders if Mr. Magee could do a bad acting job if he TRIED) and **Richard Greene**, who used to only buckle swashes in TV's **ROBIN HOOD**.

But even great old horror veteran **Peter Cushing** does a turn-around in roles. Instead of either the classic monster, leering mad doctor, or the stuffy vampire-stalking police inspector, he plays instead a

EC writer-artist Johnny Craig's "violent" 1954 comix version of his AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE . . . was far tamer than in the 1972 film. No blood 'n' split brains were shown in the "evil" comic books. Just a healthy old WHOMP!

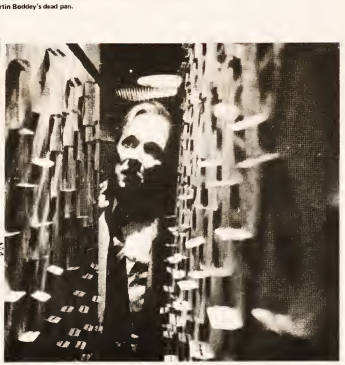
"Merry Christmas, Luv" deadpanned Joan Collins to hubby Martin Boddey's dead pan.

sympathetic, aging and kind-hearted garbage collector who repairs thrown-away toys and gives them to young children. Bet you weren't ready for that! But rest assured, before his segment is over, he takes on a more horrifying demeanor, as his photo reveals.

TALES FROM THE CRYPT is due for a "World Screamiere" on March 7th in New York City (the theater hasn't been announced at presstime), but the producers heartily advise all potential audiences to put themselves into a fine mood for the occasion by "Shrieking their way into the theater," and that "A scream will get them passes into the house".

By the way, if you're really interested in seeing what the original EC comix stories that are adapted were, getteth thyself to the Society of Illustrators Building at 128 East 63rd Street in Manhattan, and drag your eyeballs across the exhibit which begins there on March 6th; they're showing the original comic book art (monster-sized stuff, each page the better part of a yard high!) of the five stories adapted in TALES FROM THE CRYPT.

But more news for old EC comix fans, the stories from TALES FROM THE CRYPT, which have already seen comic, and paperback-reprint form, have come to book form; a novelization treatment of the stories! So comix have evolved to prose. It's been shown in various studies (studies which weren't publicized until long after Senator Estes Kefauver and Frederick Wertham and the hypocritical Comics Code Authority had successfully ram-rodded the EC horror and science fiction comics out of business) that the ghouls and



MORE COMPARISON TIME: Nigel Patrick's resemblance to the superintendent of the home for the blind in the BLIND ALLEY segment, and George Evans' original 1954 interpretation, drawn nearly two decaying decades ago.

murderers and undead and bug-eyed-monsters in the EC stories actually encouraged kids back in the 1950's to develop their reading skills, and to discover the many fantastic universes of wonder and horror to be found in prose stories. It's really ironic that the very comix which certain government officials and rival publishing companies conspired against to put out of business, should have this double tribute, yea, honor! of both film and prose adaptation. Those who learned to appreciate prose, reading EC comix, can come full circle, reading EC prose.

The EC comix frequently ran stories of the dead having their final justice, a horrifying vengeance, often a return from the crypt or tomb or burial plot to have the last Ghastly laugh. And Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein (who now put out MAD) can revel in the final gloating glory . . . giggling all the way to the bank. For it seems that TALES FROM THE CRYPT will be a horrific hit.

Let's face it; no one's ever going to make a successful movie about the Comics Code Authority — let alone about the late Senator Estes Kefauver (who him?) ■

THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!

THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE is here! Now you can order rare and hard-to-get books about monsters, comics, pulps, fantasy and assorted betwitching black sundries. Some of the items are for older fan enthusiasts, and some ask you to state age when purchasing. Don't be put off by the formality, the pulsating Post Office isn't.

FULL COLOR POSTERS

POSTERS BY FRANK FRAZETTA. 18 x 23

For mood and tone and anatomy and stark portraits of wonder, Frazatta is the master! Each poster awakens your sense of awe and tascination. The colors and details are reproduced magnilicently. Breathtaking to see and own!

A. WEREWOLF (cover painting for CREEPY 4).
Silhouetted against an orange moon is the ravening beast of aur nightmares, about to pounce on the victim who has unlortunately discovered him! $2.50

B. SKIN OIVER (eover painting for EERIE 3).
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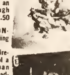

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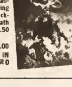

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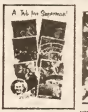

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THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

Continued from page 5

Any sane man would, of course, have been scared to death at such a sight in such surroundings. Praetorius merely turns quickly around, eyes the Monster, and observes: "Oh . I thought I was alone!"

Praetorius has "a long talk" with the Monster, a conversation the audience is not privileged to hear. But it must have been a lulu, for by the time it's over the Monster is backing Praetorius to the hilt. He had no great love for Henry Frankenstein anyway. And he desperately wanted a friend. Praetorius offered him a mate . . . sort of a "friend-and-a-half!"

"I have prayed many times for God to send me a friend."

Praetorius now pays a visit to Henry, who again announces he will have nothing to do with the scheme to create a synthetic woman (Those were "simpler times"). At this point the Monster makes his entrance, and poor Henry almost dies of shock right there. He is not moved, however, and after the novel experience of conversing with a Monster he created, Henry is left alone with the (relatively) human Praetorius.

Unknown to Henry, the Monster is now implementing the famous "Plan B": the old "kidnap the Baroness to force the Baron to make a Bride for the Monster" ploy.

It works.

Henry develops a sudden renewed interest in life-creating experiments when he learns the Monster has his wife as a hostage. Actually, one gets the impression that old Henry would eventually have given in to Praetorius' wishes anyway, for

"I love dead . . . hate living."

he gets right back into the swing of things, and seems to he having some fun pooling knowledge with his former instructor.

"Work... finish... then sleep!"

The brain has been grown in a glass bottle from a biological culture, by Praetorius. Now all that's missing is the heart. Unknown to Henry, the "accident victim" who supplies the needed organ is actually a murdered flower-girl, killed by one of the old doctor's assistants. Henry is overjoyed with the condition of the new heart, and at the appropriate time he turns to Praetorius and asks "Shall we put the heart in Now?"

The mad doctors' lab becomes a beehive of activity, imaginative gizmos on an incredible laboratory setting, and the ultimate resolution of the film.

Machines flash, lightening crackles and the shapely young body that has never lived twitches and moves and becomes "The Bride of Frankenstein." The facial bandages are removed, and the Bride walks spastically around the room, her head moving suddenly and quickly, much like some human bird.

Then she sees the Monster. The poor creature, unable to wait, has ambled into the room. Tongue hanging to his six-inch shoes, he tries to make the Bride. Alas! The poor woman, having been brought into the world only a few minutes previously, has already grown attached to "papa" Henry, and finds the Monster a horror-faced beast!

All is not working out well at all for the Monster.

He pleads.

She SCREAMS . . . the most blood-curdling scream ever heard on film!

Even the Monster, for all his dull-wittedness, gets the idea.

"She hate me," he mutters, ". . . like others." Absent-mindedly he starts wrecking the place. As his hand accidentally comes near a certain switch, Praetorius yells "The lever! . . . He'll blow us all to atoms!" The Monster gets an idea. Since the dead are the only ones who seem to hear him no ill will, he will join their ranks. His hands grips the lever.

"Shall we put the heart in now?"

Before he pulls the lever, he looks at his creator and lovingly says "You go . . . you live!" As Praetorius starts to sneak out along with Henry, the Monster raises an angry hand and shouts "You stay . . . we belong dead!" After one last tear-filled glance toward the Bride, who is still snarling like a cat at the Monster, the poor creature pulls the lever.

Elizabeth, who has escaped from wherever she was being held prisoner, runs to join Henry, and the two of them flee the laboratory immediately before it is destroyed by a series of explosions. It is the end of all experiments for Henry. He assures his religious-fanatic wife "There, there . . . it's all over!" We hear church music swell as they embrace in the light of the setting sun.

One presumes Henry became a missionary in his later life, though we shall never know, as the film ends with the two young people walking off into the evening terrain.

Examining the Parts of Frankenstein's BRIDE

That is the story of the finished film. But your author has in his vault of cinemalore the actual shooting script of BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, and reading it he discovered that there are certain scenes in the film that were originally planned to happen different. The most noteworthy of these is the last scene, in which Henry and Elizabeth Frankenstein escape from the exploding laboratory.

There is one scene showing the lab exploding. It is a distance-shot, in which we can see the entire set . . . and in a corner of the setting, pressed against a wall, is Henry Frankenstein. Before Universal planned to make a sequel to THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN using Henry again, there was no need for the young doctor to escape unharmed. It was originally planned that he would be caught in the exploding lab and that Elizabeth, trying to get into the building to see her husband, would also be killed in the explosion.

[If you look closely, the next time you see BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, you will see old Henry Frankenstein barely escaping, only to die in the lab . . . and then standing outside the lab, watching it (and himself) perish. This is one of the film's two ACCIDENTAL funny moments. The other is Boris Karloff's walk, which always reminds some of Fred Gwynne's come-monster MUNSTER gait. Editor.]

the cast-making Cast

Colin Clive, the young performer who played "Henry Frankenstein," was descended of the famous British Clive family of India. He started acting in unimpressive roles finally working his way into the company of James Whale's play "Journey's End." He was there noticed by director Whale who took him under his professional bat-wing. Whale knew him to be a sensitive, sometimes brooding fellow, and when James Whale was chosen to produce Frankenstein, he called Clive to Hollywood to play Henry in the 1931 "Frankenstein." Whale kept him in the cast of the second film. No one else could have played the character in the manner that Clive accomplished, for the character and the performer were one and the same. In fact, it is possible that the character of Henry was written around Clive.

Ernest Thesiger started his career as a Shakespearean performer in Great Britain. He, too, worked with Whale in one of the director's plays, and Whale, having a tremendous liking for eccentric geniuses, started using him in his films. In 1932 Thesiger appeared in THE OLD DARK HOUSE as the weird "Horace

"The Bride of Frankenstein!"

Femme." Like "Dr Praetorius" Femme also liked gin.

Thesiger also appeared in Sci-Fi Master H.G.Wells' 2nd great film, THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES, as the alcohol-imbibing Reverend Maydig, who was also a bit of a nut. He would bave played the nutty artist Theotocopulous in H.G.Wells' THINGS TO COME, had he not accepted the role of "Dr. Praetorius" in BRIDE. [See MONSTER TIMES No. 1 and our magnificent article on THINGS TO COME.–Editor]

As for Boris Karloff, nothing need be said about the career of a genius. Karloff came from nowhere (the almost total obscurity of Hollywood bit-player) to play the title role of tbe Monster in Whale's 1931 FRANKENSTEIN. Again, no one but Karloff could have played his role, and so he continued the characterization in "The Bride of Frankenstein."

There were other actors who portrayed the Monster after Karloff left tbe series in 1939, hut they did not attempt to inject any humanity into the role. They were simply walking colossus-figures, completely devoid of character, sympathy, or meaning.

Already tboroughly established as a performer when "Bride" was being produced, Karloff had filled the vacant spot left by the untimely passing of Lon Chaney, Sr. in 1930. But, as with all his roles, Karloff essayed his second portrayal of the Monstrous figure as if his career depended upon it. He added an element of sensitivity, penetrating sincerity and general class to every film he ever appeared in . . . especially THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Piercingly good make up

Karloff's makeup was made by the make-up genius of all time, Jack P. Pierce, who also designed "The Mummy" and "The Wolfman" among others. Having **done** the initial job of designing for FRANKENSTEIN, Pierce altered the makeup more than slightly for the equal, to fit into the changes that the Monster had undergone.

Because of the damage to the creature in tbe opening scenes of the film, most of tbe hair was made to seem burned-off the Monster's head. Only short, frizzled ends were left in patches, with the SKULL of the creatures protruding in most spots. Tbere were additional facial scars, and the original ones were more pronounced.

There was additional makeup to indicate that tbe hands of the Monster had been burned, and that some of the fingers were fused together by tbe heat of the blaze. The Monster walked witb a limp to beighten the effect.

Because he was supposed to appear more human, tbe makeup on the lower half of Karloff's face was diminished so as to provide for more facial expression on the part of the performer.

It is unfortunate there were no color stills taken at tbe time, for the makeup used on Karloff in BRIDE, as was done with his makeup in the original FRANKENSTEIN, which was colored a pale green. The color of Boris' makeup in the sequel is now lost.

One of the weirdest makeups ever seen on screen transformed the beautifully delicate features of Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton) into the thrusting, spastic face of "The Bride." Scars were added beneatb her chin, around ber neck and by her ears. Her complexion was lightened to appear deatb-like, and was offset by deep ruby-red lips. Her own hair was tied in a bun, a latex "bald-wig" fitted over it, and the grandmother of all fright-wigs was applied. Fitted with grey streaks on either side, the wig did mucb to further the illusion tbat The Bride was a child of electricity, synthetically endowed witb life. Pierce prophetically made her resemble a cross between Phyllis Diller and an East Village medusa-like hippy.

The music of the film added monstrously to its effect. It was practically a symphony of evil, composed by Franz Waxman. The Monster had a number of different themes, depending upon the mood of his character in various scenes. A smooth, gliding piece of music accompanies the creature as he strolls through the woods in momentary peace. This changes to a confused melody as the Monster sees his ugly reflection. Desperate music is played as he tries to save a peasant girl who has fallen into the lake. The desperation of the Monster changes to a stirring march as the villagers band together for their chase.

The march used in "The Bride of Frankenstein" was re-recorded and used as a secondary theme for the serial "Buck Rogers," and makes appearances throughout "Flash Gordon" and "Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars." The music Waxman wrote to depict the dank, dead atmosphere of the tomb was used as the theme that accompanied the appearance of the Clay People in "Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars." An eerie, slow tune played on an organ, it also served to convey some of the madness tbat composed the character of Dr. Praetorius.

Unfortunately, the musical score for "The Bride of Frankenstein" was written too early to be recorded as a commercially-sold soundtrack. No known recordings exist of the complete score without the sound-effects and speech soundtracks added to it. It's a great loss to fans of the film, fans of the Universal cycle of monster films and to the music world in general.

"Just think, Henry, that beneath these bandages lies an artificially developed human brain . . each cell, each convolution waiting for life to come."

where was the BRIDE really made?

The massive, Gothic settings seen throughout "The Bride of Frankenstein" did much to further the final image. There were old castles, small huts, musty tombs and dungeon cells, a beautiful country lake and waterfall, and a timeless graveyard that smelled from decay even through the movie-screen. And all those sets were designed specially for the film, and built, by one man . . . set-designer/art-director Charles D. Hall.

And, because of Hall's genius at creating ancient things instantly, the settings did not look as if they had been designed and built for the film . . . they all appeared as if they had heen out there for centuries, standing in the country decaying in the elements before camera crews decided to use them for locations in THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

The man who designed them, Kenneth Strickfaden, more than once escaped electrocution by the grounding of his shoes during the course of production. The machines, incidentally, were actually electrical, giving off very high voltages.

Settings cannot be illogical, but they can be anachronistic. And in THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN they are just that. No year is given during the course of the film, except for Praetorius's observation that a century before his time, he would most assuredly have been burned at the stake for sorcery. This puts the action of tbe film at approx. 1800, or 1850 the latest. This goes perfectly with the concept of a Barony, the geographical location of Germany (or one of its smaller now-defunct neighbors such as, say, Transylvania?).

The superstitions of the time, regarding experimentation upon human bodies for the purpose of prolonging (or producing) life also fits into this time scheme. However, we do have medical schools. This again would seem to indicate 1850 or thereabouts.

Now we come to the fun part: the anachronism. At one point during tbe film, Praetorius wishes to prove that Mrs. Frankenstein, who has heen kidnapped is still alive. Producing a walkie-talkie-telephone combination, Praetorius says to Henry: "In a few moments she will speak to you through this electrical machine." Okay, so he didn't refer to it as a telephone. Using this as a base, we encounter other references to scientific details that just were not discovered at that time. Heart transplants, instruments for drawing the cosmic-rays out of space (the "cosmic diffuser," as Henry refers to it) are all in evidence.

We are given these preposterous things, and, put together, they form a merry jumble that is composed of jagged edges. But the jagged edges fit together perfectly, to make THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN gel into a firm, finished essay on humanism, inhumanism, reality, fantasy and everything else in-between. THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN is filled with eternal characters and eternal things, and will probably outlive all of us transient mortals. ■

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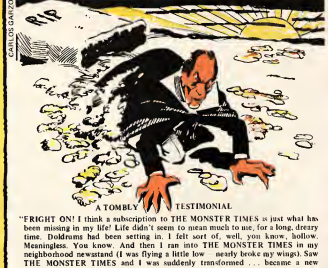

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